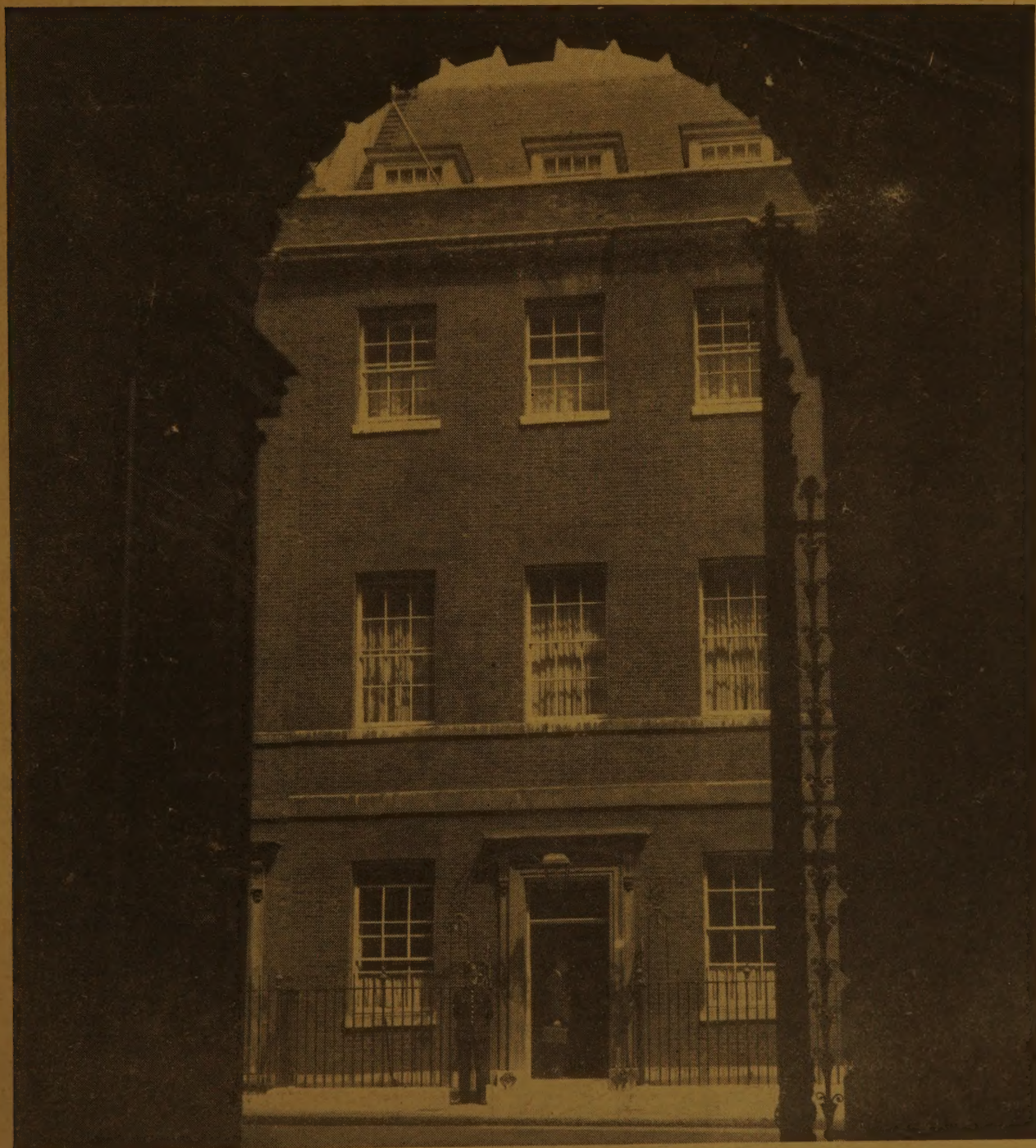


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



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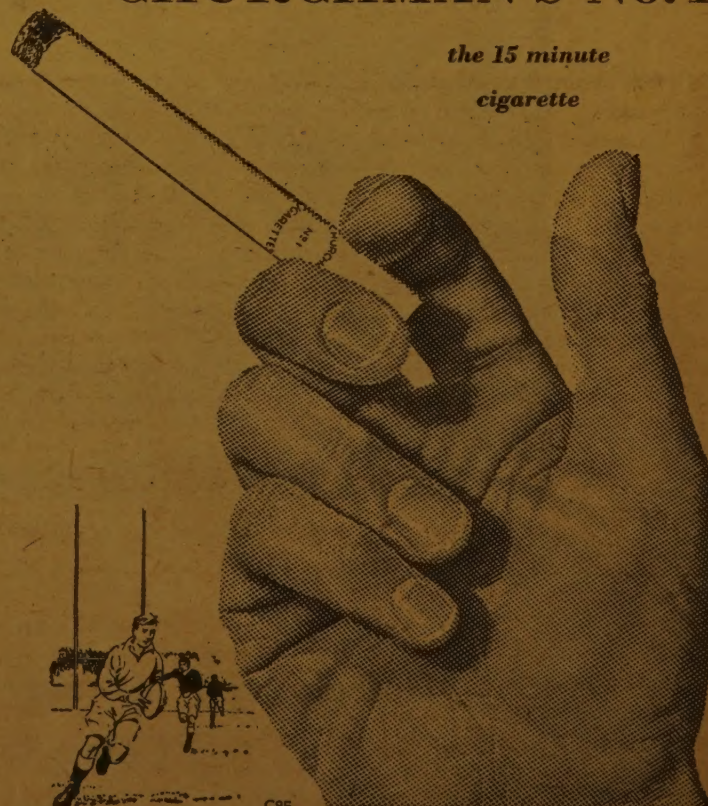
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The Implications of Mr. Hoover

By CLIFTON UTLEY

TO many British people our new American foreign policy debate must seem somewhat like Nero's violin playing at another critical moment in world history. I hope you will accept my assurance that our debate is necessary, and that we shall ultimately emerge the stronger for having had it.

It is perfectly clear that we Americans, with inadequate advance discussion, took on commitments greater than we could carry out. Made suddenly aware of this fact by the whip-lash of military defeat in Korea, it is natural that some should now want to ride the pendulum to the other extreme and slough off all commitments outside our American hemisphere. No one here has actually said that Europeans are a distant people of whom we know little, but the implications of ex-President Herbert Hoover's December 20 address which tipped off the present nation-wide debate do go practically that far. The operative passage of Mr. Hoover's address to the nation was the one where he said: 'Europe must create organised and equipped combat divisions of such huge numbers as would erect a sure dam against the Red flood, and that before we land another man or dollar on their shores'.

Since free Europe lacks the power to create any such force by itself, Mr. Hoover was setting up a condition impossible of fulfilment, and making the achievement of the impossible a prerequisite for further American aid. Thus Mr. Hoover's position was, as President Truman subsequently characterised it, nothing but isolationism. How do you explain Mr. Hoover? It seems to me that

persons of extreme conservative persuasion, of whom Mr. Hoover is one, tend to fear that any programme involving great expenditure will impair or end the kind of economic organisation and life they have known. This prospect, to such persons, comes near to being the supreme evil. To avoid the possibility of such consequences such persons readily find reasons for holding all commitments to an absolute minimum. I do not mean this is the full explanation of Mr. Hoover's isolationist viewpoint. When he criticises Europe's slowness in creating its own defences, he strikes a theme to which a great many of us respond, to the extent that Mr. Hoover's address may be a prod to Europe to do more, and do it quicker, lest Hoover forces carry the day in America. The speech itself may even serve a useful end in world affairs, though against this one must set the unsettling effect of causing an anxious Europe to wonder if we are again going to withdraw to isolation, which, of course, we are not.

The public response to Mr. Hoover's address has been sharply split. In the eastern part of our country it has been vigorously rejected by public opinion; in the south and west public opinion seems about equally divided, with a great many still to make up their minds regarding Mr. Hoover's thesis. In the Middle West, where Mr. Hoover currently enjoys a prestige he never attained while President, there is probably the greatest public acceptance for our only living ex-President's escapist isolationism. Yet the outcome of this debate is already apparent. We will stand by our commitments in Europe; the debate, aside from the unsettling

consequences it has abroad, is constructive, for it provides a platform of high public interest that makes it possible to drive home to American opinion the disastrous consequences to America that would result from Russian conquest of the free west; the placing of west European industry at the disposal of Moscow, and, to say the least, the consequent neutralisation of British production. This is a kind of economic argument that much of our American public ordinarily finds rather tough sledding, and to which it will listen only when it is interspersed in debates of considerable warmth. The present debate provides the necessary heat.

The debate also has made it possible to drive home the fact that the deterrent influence of the atomic bomb does not lie exclusively in the bomb itself. It lies in the bomb plus an air force capable of delivering it, plus bases from which the air force can operate effectively. Since the present debate started it has been pointed out that, as long as free Europe is with us, we could, in case of war, deliver bombs to Russian targets from bases much nearer the target than the bases that Russia would have to use to deliver bombs to the United States. The point has been made that this is a deterrent that may help induce Moscow to keep a troubled peace; a deterrent that would no longer exist if we wrote off Europe, and permitted its conquest by Russia, as Mr. Hoover in fact urges.

Governor Dewey's Views

As these points are driven home, there can be only one outcome to our current debate. In the confusion resulting from Korean defeat, many bewildered Americans are susceptible to the argument that any commitments are bad. When the debate clarifies issues there will be a better appreciation of what is American vital interest. Already there have been numerous answers to Mr. Hoover. Mr. John Foster Dulles, American United Nations delegate and Republican adviser to our State Department, made the nearest thing to an official reply in a nation-wide radio broadcast in which he said that America could never become a Gibraltar of self-defence—the Gibraltar expression, by the way, was Mr. Hoover's, because solitary defence is never impregnable. Then in a New Year's Day address given on the occasion of his third inauguration as Governor of New York, Governor Thomas Dewey, titular head of our Republican Party, urged all men everywhere to band together and freely live else they will fall apart and ignobly die at the hands of the Red Empire. Mr. Dewey did not mention Mr. Hoover by name, but his reference was perfectly clear when he said that the stark necessities of self-preservation demanded America develop and keep strong brave allies.

So the debate proceeds to its inevitable end. It is essentially the same debate you had a while back when I believe there were some Britons who argued that what a man named Napoleon did about Europe was no vital interest to Britain. You will recall that your debate reached a pretty definite conclusion; so, too, will ours, and it will be the same conclusion for the same reason: Europe is vital. Even without awaiting the end of the debate we are getting on with the job. The draft has been stepped up to 80,000 a month for January, February and March, and may go higher later. The draft, by the way, is only for the Army, since the Navy, Air Force and Marines are getting all the recruits they can use by voluntary enlistment. It is now definite that we shall have twenty-five active American divisions by this June 24 or 25 compared with ten divisions when the Korean war began last June 25. Economic mobilisation is taking hold here at a rapid rate. The Government a few days ago* inaugurated a block purchasing system for rubber, under which the Government becomes the sole purchaser and distributor of rubber in the United States. All sorts of orders have been showered lately restricting civilian use of copper, cobalt and other critical materials which either are, or are expected to be, in short supply as a result of our defence mobilisation.

Our steel industry, with Government prodding, has announced the largest expansion programme in the history of the American steel industry, and the expansion is to be rushed so that some of the new plants will begin producing inside six months to a year. Of

course, it takes steel to make steel plants, so one consequence of this steel expansion programme will be that during the next year or so steel for civilian purposes will be in even shorter supply than would otherwise be the case, and it was going to be plenty short anyhow with so much now being diverted to defence production.

Many of our leading automobile companies have already cut civilian automobile production very sharply, and further cuts are expected as defence production shifts into high gear, and takes still more raw materials. Economically this sudden shift to defence production and the fact that the shift came at a moment when we were already fully utilising our economic resources means that our American inflation will continue through 1951 at least, probably beyond that. This inflation could be checked by draconian tax measures, but it is not in the temperament of us, the American people, to do enough soon enough in taxation matters to keep prices stable in a defence economy of the sort we are now entering. We have already had one round of tax increases; we shall get another and much tougher set of tax increases from the new Congress that assembles later this week, but we still will not get enough of an increase to prevent further price boosts. The best forecast for the start of the New Year is that we must look for a further ten per cent. rise in our American cost of living during 1951; to put it bluntly we shall pay for part of the defence effort by taxation; we shall also pay for part of it by lowering the buying power of our currency.

In conclusion there is one point I should like to make with considerable vigour, because it seems to me on the basis of what reading of the British press I am able to do, that there has been considerable misunderstanding on this point in Britain. It concerns the question of our future relations with China. It is perfectly true that American opinion as of now would not tolerate the admission of Communist China to the United Nations; nor would it now approve the evacuation of Formosan waters by our American Seventh Fleet. What the future may bring is another question, but right now we are fighting Chinese Communists all out in Korea; we do not know whether we can stay in Korea; we recognise we may be thrown out, but there is little disposition here to engage in any negotiations between the policeman and the culprit, as to the terms on which the culprit will give up his evil ways; in this case his aggression. Having said that, it is only fair to add that nobody in responsible position here has any desire or intention of seeing the United States, or any of our allies, engaged in anything approaching all-out war with Communist China. There is perfect awareness that any such effort would be exactly what the Soviet Union would like to have happen. There is full understanding that any such conflict would devour endless American armed forces, and that even were we willing to commit unlimited numbers we could not win. The point has been made again and again here that China has unlimited man-power, and that we have not, and that we cannot hope to win a war fought purely on the enemy's terms; that is a war in which man-power would play the decisive role, which would inevitably be the case with a war on the Chinese mainland.

The reason I have belaboured this point at some length is that various British journals I have run across recently seem to have been concerned lest we go all out in China, and become so overwhelmingly committed there, that we would have no strength left to devote to the European front. We do have a few American wild men who recommend such a course, but the wild men are not going to control policy here any more than they do in most other countries.

—Home Service

New Year's Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. G. C. Beadle, Controller, West Region, who in the New Year's Honours List becomes a C.B.E.; to Mr. M. G. Farquharson, Head of Secretariat, and to Mrs. Gladys West (Gladys Young), formerly a member of the B.B.C. Repertory Company, who receive the O.B.E.; and to Mr. C. W. Skinner, Assistant Superintendent Engineer, Transmitters, who becomes an M.B.E.

Britain's Relations with Egypt

By H. S. DEIGHTON

ONCE again there is an atmosphere of tension about the relation of Egypt and Britain. In fact there seems to have been one of those crises which appear regularly and periodically. Yet I think it would be hard to find two other nations with so many substantial interests in common. The basis of this common interest is defence. Egypt is comparatively small, relatively weak and very wealthy. She is the best base from which to defend the Middle East—the second greatest source of oil in the world. So for the British with their vital overseas interests, Egypt's defence is only second to their own.

But there are other, although less vital, common interests, of which commerce is by no means the greatest. Egypt, it is true, grows and Britain imports fine-quality cotton. And we find a rich and profitable market in the Nile valley for our high-grade manufactured goods, railway engines and electric turbines, as well as for our technical skills. Above all, there is the Suez Canal. For it is the trade which passes through Egypt, rather than that with her, which is so important to the economic life of Britain. There are, too, other fields in which the two countries are complementary. For example, Egypt is essentially, and increasingly, a country with a social problem. Year by year an increasingly explosive situation is being created by the existence, side by side, of a minority of very wealthy people, living a rather ineffective and unsatisfactory life of luxury, and a growing population dependent upon resources which could by no standards provide more than subsistence. Big social changes seem inevitable there, and the main problem for Egyptian statesmanship is to see that, if possible, they are made peaceably. By adopting British methods of social change, if this is possible, the poor of Egypt would gain immeasurably, without the dangers and horrors of a violent revolution—while the rich would have a fair chance of keeping at any rate something of their possessions, and would be less likely to lose their heads.

Finally, the Egyptians need, as they very well know, help and guidance in the business of acquiring and adapting the technical and other aspects of western civilisation, whose development has put them, with other oriental peoples, at such a disadvantage in modern times. The day has long passed when they, or any other peoples similarly placed, are ready to embark on a slavish imitation of the western model. They recognise their weakness and they want to repair it. But not at the expense of their own ancient culture, which most of them no longer regard as inferior in essentials. Egypt needs an ally, and she needs a close cultural link with the west. Britain is the least obtrusive of possible allies, and the least pervasive of cultural influences. One may well ask, therefore, how it comes about that the relationship between two countries so closely knit by strong common interests is not more easy—and one may ask whence come these recurrent crises.

The British first went to Egypt in 1798 because Bonaparte had invaded the country—a move which he designed solely to injure Britain. Circumstances therefore obliged Britain, in her own interest, to concern herself with the fate of Egypt. Those circumstances dictated the occupation of Egypt by British forces—to forestall others—in 1882, and they determine British policy today, which is neither more nor less

than to deny the control of the Nile valley and the Suez Canal to a major power which might become an enemy. Britain's preoccupation with the defence of Egypt is one which most thinking Egyptians, in private at any rate, are prepared to regard as fortunate—so long as world affairs remain unsubjected to the rule of law. Therefore, most Egyptian Governments—that is, most Egyptian politicians when they are carrying the responsibilities of office—are led by the force of these circumstances to try to collaborate with Britain. But the very inequality between the two powers which this dependence implies, is, understandably enough, offensive to the national pride—indeed, it is the soil from which Egyptian nationalism has sprung. Thus, while circumstances lead most Egyptian Governments to collaborate more or less closely with Britain, this very collaboration is, too often, the chief ground of their opponents' public criticism of them. It is impossible to understand Egyptian politics—and, therefore, Anglo-Egyptian relations—without first realising that the necessities of the situation in which the Egyptians find themselves are, quite understandably, distasteful to their national self-esteem.

But this is by no means the whole picture of Egyptian political life, which is vigorous and often vehement, and which is concerned, not only with the widespread 'national aspiration', as it is called, for greater independence, about which all Egyptians are agreed, but,

as elsewhere, with a struggle between rival groups each concerned with the search for power. Each of the two principal groups, whose conflict has held the stage of Egyptian political life during most of the past quarter of a century, owes its origin to the connection with Britain. The nationalist movement, as we have seen, arose early in the century as a protest against what seemed like undue tutelage to Britain. Until 1914, Egypt, although occupied by British troops and largely administered by British officials, was still nominally a part of the Turkish Empire. In the first world war Turkey took the side of Britain's enemies, and collapsed on their defeat. Egypt, meanwhile, had been declared a British Protectorate. The Allies, in 1918, announced a policy of self-determination for the peoples who had, as they expressed it, been so long subjected to Turkish oppression. It was when the British Government, rather against the advice of its officials in Cairo, made it clear that this policy did not apply to Egypt, that Egyptian nationalism became a powerful force.

At this time the great nationalist party, the Wafd, whose ministers



Students of Fuad University, Cairo, demonstrating against the British outside the Presidential Palace on November 22, after the King's speech of November 16 demanding the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt

at present rule the country, came into being. For several years the nationalists were merely contained—they could not be said to have been put down—by force. Then, in 1922, the British Government recognised the new situation to the extent of declaring Egypt an independent kingdom. They elevated the most obvious choice, Fuad, the father of the present King, to the throne, although they limited the sovereignty of the new kingdom by reserving to themselves a number of points, chiefly concerned with international relations and therefore with defence. This completed the composition of the picture of modern Egyptian political life. For the Wafd, much the most powerful and best-organised political party, and the Palace have usually been at loggerheads, dividing a people generally agreed upon demanding a diminution of the extent—and the appearance—of British influence, while slowly, and as yet not very effectively, the familiar modern demands of the under-privileged have sought to make themselves heard in a political arena which is still primarily a battleground of the wealthy.

The Wafd and the Palace

The situation today is, in one important respect at any rate, an unusual one. For the Wafd is in power—its leader, the veteran Mustafa el-Nahas Pasha, is Prime Minister, and, so far, apparently, in reasonably close collaboration with the King. This entirely new situation was brought about as a result of a general election which was held early in January of this year, and which was, by all accounts, the fairest in the history of Egyptian parliamentary institutions. For, although Egypt has had a parliamentary system of government, with manhood suffrage, since 1924—the constitution is modelled upon that of Belgium—it would not be too much to say that during most of that time the Government in being has not represented the will of the majority of the people. For most Governments have been pretty closely associated with the Palace, whereas almost certainly the Wafd, which began as a truly national movement, has only rarely failed to attract the loyalty and affection of a majority of the people. But the greater part of the electorate is illiterate, government and private interests are very powerful at election times, and these have had an effect on relations which has something of the flavour and the violence of British elections in the eighteenth century—although with rather more casualties. Often, too, parliaments have been totally unrepresentative, because important parties have boycotted elections.

The preparation and conduct of this last election was in the hands of a 'caretaker' Government under the leadership of an experienced elder statesman, Hussein Sirry Pasha, who, notably, did not use official means to influence the result—and they produced an overwhelming victory for the Wafd, which captured 225 out of a total of 315 seats. The caretaker cabinet resigned and Nahas Pasha, the party leader since the death, in 1927, of its founder, the greatly-loved Zaglul Pasha, formed a Wafdist cabinet. For more than twenty years Nahas and the King, first Fuad, and, since 1937, his son Farouk, have been the principal figures and, as it has seemed to most observers, contestants, on the Egyptian scene. In 1942 it had only been at the most urgent insistence of the British Government—not very tactfully expressed I must add—that the King had agreed to accept Nahas Pasha as his Prime Minister—and he subsequently got rid of him, in 1944, by what amounted to a *coup d'état*.

This year, however, it has become clear that an alliance, which may only be temporary, has been arrived at between the two principal forces in the state. King Farouk has, for the first time, admitted Wafdist into his private cabinet, and he has exercised his royal prerogatives in their favour, as when, in June last, he issued a decree creating new senators and dismissing others, to give the Wafd a majority in the Upper House also. One result of this—and British observers will be by nature inclined to regard it as a bad one—has been the collapse into comparative ineffectiveness of the opposition. For, although there are some able and patriotic men among the smaller parties, whose coalitions have usually formed the governments of Egypt, their real source of strength has been the support of the Palace, and now that that has been withdrawn they have been able to do little beyond petitioning the King against the alleged corruption of the Government, and issuing blood-curdling warnings about the imminence of social revolution. No one can say how long this new alliance of forces will last. Like so much in Egyptian politics, it must be to a large extent a matter of personalities. But if it should be at all lasting, and if the consequences of the exercise of power should be no more than ordinarily corrupting, its effects might well be beneficial to the

country as a whole. For, quite apart from fanatical nationalism, the Wafd has always attracted a very large number of the most disinterested of young Egyptians.

As to its effect upon Anglo-Egyptian relations, it ought, I think, to be more widely recognised that there has not been, as seems generally assumed, a much more acute crisis than is usual between the two Governments. The outstanding issues, the Egyptian 'national aspirations' of the moment, are two. They are the evacuation of foreign—by which, of course, is meant British—troops, and the 'unity of the Valley of the Nile', by which is meant the annexation of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to the Egyptian Crown. As things stand today, it seems impossible that the British Government could concede either of these demands without reserve. The first is the more fundamental. Indeed, it would probably be true to say that the rather recent prominence of the Sudan demand is largely due to the failure of the British Government to recognise how intensely the Egyptians feel about the continued presence of large bodies of British troops in the country after the war was over. In 1947, British troops were withdrawn from the great cities to the desert around the Canal zone—not out of Egypt but out of sight, as it were. This move might have been welcomed two years earlier, but it now came too late to earn its reward in the shape of renewed goodwill. It does not seem likely now that the Western Powers can afford to do without bases in Egypt, but the occupying troops might be given a status more acceptable to Egyptian pride. There are, after all, foreign bases in England today.

The Sudanese problem can be solved only with time. This country—which is of great importance to Egypt as the home of the Nile—was partly occupied by the Egyptians in the mid-nineteenth century. It was lost, and recaptured by British and Egyptian troops, under British command, in 1898. Since then, it has been administered, only nominally as a condominium of the two countries, by British officials. It has recently acquired effective self-government in many ways, and is scheduled for complete independence in less than twenty years. Egypt, on geographical and rather slender historical grounds, claims it as an integral part of herself, and rejects the British attitude that it will be up to the Sudanese to decide about that when they are independent. Some years ago the Security Council rebuffed the Egyptian view.

When the Egyptian Parliament was lately re-opened for a new session, the Speech from the Throne contained a passage reiterating the Government's intention to use all means to ensure that the 'national aspirations' were achieved. This passage was excerpted from the King's Speech and next day was given a prominence, which I can only describe as undue, in the British press and in Parliament. In fact, all Egyptians share these aspirations, and every Egyptian Government has to give expression to them, however remote they may feel their achievement to be. King Farouk's speech at the opening of Parliament last January contained a similar passage, which escaped comment in England.

Relations after Marriage

It is, I think, too much to hope as yet for permanently improved relations, such as would make it possible for the Egyptians to use British help without a sense of inferiority in the ways I have already indicated. But it would be reasonable to expect a steady improvement in relations if the world situation grows more critical, just as the general deterioration in the late 'thirties led to the signing of an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty in 1936. Complete equality can perhaps only come in a world situation which makes the difference in power unimportant. Meanwhile, we should not forget that this disparity, which gave rise to Egyptian nationalism, is the reason for the protection which Britain extends to Egypt and which, in times of crisis, most Egyptians are glad to accept. It is true that the theme of Egyptian politicians for thirty years has been the demand for greater independence of Britain, but Egyptian nationalism, like its Indian counterpart, is at times strangely anglophil in sentiment, and the relationship between the two peoples is greatly altered when a third party shows signs of the intention to intervene. As with many marriages, the union is made stronger by outside interference. It is worth while to remember the fact, which so greatly puzzled the German Intelligence during the war, that when Britain did stage a big intervention in Egyptian politics in 1942, it was to put in power that very Wafd—that nationalist party—whose origin had been the desire for independence of Britain, and, incidentally, that the Wafdist Government, with Nahas Pasha then as now as its Prime Minister, showed admirable steadfastness in the crisis of Rommel's advance to El Alamein.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Italy Half-way between Elections

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent

AT the country town of San Felice, not far to the south of Rome, there were one year ago one hundred registered members of the Communist Party. Today there are only fifteen. The other eighty-five, it is reported, including the local organiser, have moved from one extreme to the other: they have joined the ultra right-wing Fascist revival party, which is called the Social Movement.

Conversion by Argument

The local café bar is said to have witnessed most of their conversions. It is the place where the men of the town meet for a drink and an argument after the day's work. And this particular argument seems always to have gone the same way. 'What's the difference', said the champion of the Social Movement, 'between your party and ours? We both want to change the present system of parliamentary government to something more totalitarian. We both want a one-party State. We both want to free Italy from American influence and get her out of this Atlantic Pact. We are both anti-clerical, we both say, "Down with the priests". There's only one difference between us: we, of the Social Movement, are working for Italy and you communists are working for Moscow. Which do you think is better?'

That is telescoping a discussion which must often have lasted for hours, with much thumping of the table-top, but it is roughly the lines the conversation followed and is roughly the lines of a conversation which has been going on in many other parts of Italy recently.

The town of San Felice with 4,000 inhabitants is a very small spot on the map of Italy between Rome and Naples; that is, outside the areas where the communist movement is strongest. Its little band of communists had not much moral support, and probably fell an easy victim to the eloquence of the right-wing extremists, who get thicker on the ground as you go towards Naples. Nevertheless, it may be a useful straw to show which way the wind is blowing in Italy generally. The first thing to notice is that the communist waverers did not go over to the leading party of the Christian Democrats, the party which heads the present Government with a strong majority in Parliament. Still less did they want to join one of the splinter parties which survived from the present shipwreck of Italian socialism. They went right over to something which was both aggressive and undemocratic on the opposite wing. The second typical feature of events at San Felice is the fifteen communists who did not change sides, in spite of the miniature landslide of their comrades. They represent the solid and irreconcilable core of that party, ready to go underground if necessary in the interests of the movement. What we do not yet know about San Felice is how many members of other political parties, besides the communists, have gone over to the Social Movement, and in particular how many of the Christian Democrats.

It is now two-and-a-half years since Italy last went to the polls, half-way to the next parliamentary election, and there are many signs that the political atmosphere in the country may be changing. In May, 1948, the issues were clear cut: communism or anti-communism. And although there were plenty of people nostalgic for the past fascist regime, liberation was too recent for them to take any sort of independent stand. The results in the 1948 election were equally clear cut; the communists captured one-third of the available votes for the bloc which they led, but the Christian Democrats, with all the weight of the Church influence behind them and with the tacit support of the Western Powers, captured most of the remaining two-thirds. A great many people who were not Christian Democrats at that time climbed on board the anti-communist band-waggon, both right-wingers and members of the historically anti-clerical left-centre parties. The result was a large, almost unwieldy, parliamentary majority for the Christian Democrats—a majority which concealed a fairly wide range of divided opinion on many separate issues.

Today the Italian communist movement has lost much of the prestige which it held in 1948. There are a variety of reasons. There was the electoral defeat itself, and the half-hearted gesture at an insurrection

which followed in the same year. There is the steady development of a large police force, exceedingly efficient at repressing political demonstrations. There is the inescapable impression that Italian prosperity depends on American financial aid. There has been the splitting off of groups of socialists, who in 1948 did support the communist-led bloc. There has been the division of the trade union movement into communist and anti-communist factions, and there has been the tendency of the communists themselves to overplay their hand in the trade unions and, in particular, to rely too much on the strike weapon in a country where trade unionism itself is under-developed and inadequately organised. Then there have been the repercussions of international events, such as Marshal Tito's defection from Moscow and, more recently, the war in Korea. And lastly, it is only fair to say that there has been the slow but unmistakable movement of the present Italian Government towards various much-needed social reforms.

All these factors have chiselled supporters away from the communist movement, and diminished the enthusiasm of those who remain with it. Recently, the party organised a nation-wide demonstration which was called 'the Festival of Unity'. It was to be everywhere a period of working-class festivities with big rallies in the public parks and free sideshows and fireworks displays, as well as the usual oratory. It was remarkable to observe how little enthusiasm this festival aroused, especially in those areas which have been notorious for communism in the past. The towns and villages were gaily ornamented with flags and banners, but the crowds were mysteriously lacking, and that is mysterious in this country which enjoys any excuse for a public holiday.

I do not for a moment wish to suggest that the communist movement in Italy is altogether eclipsed, but I do think that it is being pared down to its hard and irreducible core, and I should not be surprised if many of its existing supporters were feeling discouraged. This diminution of communist prestige has had another important effect: there is now much less fear of communism and therefore much less unity among its opponents. Even inside the leading Government party, the Christian Democrats, there are increasing signs of strain between the more advanced and the more reactionary members. The anti-communist socialists who in 1948 were glad to join the Government coalition, are now thinking seriously of abandoning it, in order to be able to criticise from the Opposition benches, as a third force in the political arena. Most significant of all has been the development of the Italian Social Movement on the extreme right and outside the Government. Although it is officially anti-communist, most of its criticism is now directed against the Government and against parliamentary democracy in general. Much more anti-clerical than the former Fascist party, the Social Movement accuses the Christian Democrats of being priest-ridden servants of the Vatican. Nationalists to the point of isolationism, the Social Movement accuses the Government of being humiliatingly subservient to the Western Powers, and demands its withdrawal from the Atlantic Pact. There is a growing impression here in Rome that the Social Movement, by these tactics, is attracting not only public attention, but also increasing public support.

Urgent Legislation against Fascism

Meanwhile, there are many signs that the Government has begun to take the Social Movement very seriously indeed. There is a clause in the Constitution forbidding the revival of fascism under any other form but, till now, the law has only been able to operate rather ineffectively against individuals. Now, the Government has decided to draft urgent legislation, which will make the Constitution's ban on fascist revival fully effective. The new Bill was demanded by the Minister of the Interior, Signor Mario Scelba, who is himself one of the most aggressive champions of Christian Democracy. Meanwhile, the police force, which is one of the organs of his Ministry, is already probing the ground by preferring charges of would-be fascism against individual members of the Social Movement. A few weeks ago, the Social Movement's National Congress, which was to have been held at Bari, was

(continued on page 27)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Television Marches On

THE growth and spread of television in England is one of the phenomena of our time. Though at present still working under difficulties and suffering from growing pains, it is giving pleasure to many—above all to the young and the old. Each year since it restarted after the war in 1946 some step forward has been achieved. The end of 1949 saw the opening of the Sutton Coldfield transmitter which made the service available to 6,000,000 more people; 1950 saw the opening of the Lime Grove studios, enabling, first, a children's programme to be given every day and secondly an increase of the space available for the performance of other entertainments and programmes. No one who has not visited the comparatively cramped studios at Alexandra Palace can realise the severe limitations imposed upon television programme planners before the opening of these new studios. The stage having been widened, so too will be the potential audience. The present aim is to complete the Holme Moss station in the North of England by the middle of 1951 to serve a population of 11,000,000 and the Kirk o' Shotts station in Central Scotland by the end of 1951 to serve a further 3,500,000. Thus it is calculated that by the end of this New Year television programmes will have become available to some 32,500,000 persons.

The growth in the number of television licences taken out reflects the popular appeal of this service. It rose from 45,500 in March 1948, to about 555,000 in December of last year. The Christmas programmes received kindly comment in the press, and these, together with the spirit of Christmas giving, are likely to afford a further impulse to the buying of sets. Clearly it is difficult to make any exact assessment, but it is thought that the number of licences taken out may double by the spring of 1952. The B.B.C. is planning to devote more than 60 per cent. of its capital investment programme to the development of television during the current financial year and the two years following. In 1950-1951 the estimated expenditure on television is £2,702,000 of which £1,500,000 is revenue expenditure and £1,202,000 is capital expenditure. Many problems remain to be solved both on the programme side and on the technical side, nor can one foretell what may be the effect on television of changing political and economic conditions, but there is no question that television is marching on.

THE LISTENER was founded primarily to publish broadcast talks and in general to be the literary and cultural organ of the B.B.C. We have naturally been exercised in our minds as to how best to represent this big activity of the Corporation. Television scripts, relying so much on visual appeal, do not readily lend themselves to simple reproduction. We are, however, anxious to keep our readers—including those who do not possess television sets—fully in touch with the programme developments in this sphere. From now on therefore we shall be devoting more space to television criticism. This week we welcome to our columns Mr. Reginald Pound as our second television critic. Mr. Pound is an author, a journalist, and a man of wide interests and sympathies: he will take as his field those parts of the television programmes broadly comprehended in the words 'information and education' as distinct from 'entertainment' which will fall to Mr. Harold Hobson. The two critics will alternate with one another week by week, and between them will pass entirely independent judgment (as do all our radio critics) on the use to which the Corporation is putting this up-and-coming instrument of modern communication.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the prospects of peace

AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR and of the half-century, many commentators in both east and west broadcast reviews in which they attempted to survey the future. Western commentators did not attempt to ignore the dangers ahead though they stressed that peace might yet be saved and expressed the hope that Russia would respond to the western gesture contained in their Note to the Soviet Union concerning a four-power conference. From the east Communist commentators viewed the hopes of future peace in terms of the Peace Partisans. A Moscow broadcast, quoting *New Times*, claimed that the turn of the half-century had witnessed the advent of mankind's liberation from the capitalist yoke; and, referring specifically to 1950, went on:

The adventurous policy of the imperialists in the Far East has suffered a complete defeat. The aggressive North Atlantic bloc is becoming increasingly isolated. The more obvious the worthlessness and impotence of the adventurous policy of the crazed atom maniacs becomes, the more they threaten the world with an intensification of aggressiveness. While the aggressive policy of the imperialist camp has emerged into a new stage in 1950, the resistance of the peoples to this policy and the universal movement for peace have been raised to a still higher level.

The newspaper added that for the capitalist countries 1950 had been a year of 'inexorably approaching economic crisis', while for the Soviet Union and the countries moving towards socialism it had been a year of economic and cultural progress. The outgoing year had witnessed a crisis of American and British imperialism. In the light of MacArthur's defeat in Korea, the adventurous foreign strategy of Washington had 'snapped like an over-taut string'. In support of this thesis, tremendous publicity was given to ex-President Hoover's speech in the United States. In the words of a Peking broadcast, quoting *People's Daily*, he had 'admitted to the whole world an extremely important fact—that current American aggressive policy has utterly failed'. Further, while the 'imperialist camp' had assembled 'all its available forces' in Korea, the 'democratic camp' had used 'only a very small part of its forces' in that theatre. In fact the United States have been forced to face the fact that the Soviet Union and the Chinese Republic 'have become invincible'.

Up to the time of writing, Moscow had made no comment on the Western Note replying to the Soviet proposal for four-power talks on Germany. The first pronouncement from east Europe came from Warsaw radio, which stated that, first, it had taken the Western Powers seven weeks to agree on the contents of the reply; secondly, in the meantime, there had been the Brussels conference and the decision to include West German troops in the Atlantic Army, accompanied by a newspaper campaign designed to convince the small nations that the Soviet proposal was nothing but propaganda; thirdly, in face of the support of public opinion for the Soviet proposal, the Western Powers could 'no longer reject it without incurring very great discredit'. Giving his own version of what the reply contained and omitted, the Polish commentator stated: 'It does not offer any guarantees for the future; we are asked to take the word of the Americans and their satellites for what they say'. The Soviet Union, he went on, had frequently shown its readiness to reach agreement, but the United States had persisted in a contrary policy. And now the evasive nature of the Western reply showed that the United States Government and the 'British and French Governments controlled by it' were willing to hold only 'purely formal' talks, which they would use as a screen for their further acts of aggression.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted for the view that the Western reply to the Soviet Note was fair and reasonable, but the newspaper doubted whether Russia would show a genuine desire to avert the danger of war although she might agree to broaden the basis of the four-power conference. It went on:

It is far more likely that the Soviet Union will use these negotiations, as she has used others, to attempt to delay the organisation of a Western Union for Defence, to strive to sow discord and to gain diplomatic advantages. Nevertheless the offer of a conference had to be made to close no door that might lead to peace. The aim of the west must be to consolidate its unity on the essentials of survival, to be resolute against weakening its moral or physical bulwarks, and to meet the Russians again with patience and firmness.

Did You Hear That?

EXPLORING THE ROOF OF A PALACE

'SOME YEARS AGO I happened to take a cottage in the neighbourhood of Blenheim Palace', said DAVID GREEN in a talk in the Home Service. 'I had never been near Blenheim before and I knew next to nothing about it, but I soon found myself exploring the park.

'After this I used often to spend an evening with my neighbour Gerald Horne. Horne began his career, in the eighteen-eighties, as hall boy at Blenheim: he told me of royal visits, banquets, torchlight processions reflected in the lake and the Blue Hungarian Band playing in the boathouse. "Blenheim was our world", he would say, and with

modillions. . . . There used to be a lot of cowls up here", he went on, "the late Duke had me take them all down". As he talked I noticed he was wrenching ivy out of a chimney. He said "It can lift stone, you know, that ivy will".

'Obviously Collett knew every inch of the leads and at one point I remember following him up an iron ladder and then swarming up slates to tap one of those huge copper spheres, which gave out a solemn clang. But the really interesting part was when he led me into a large octagonal room in one of the towers, which had a kind of open chimney with iron rungs set into the back of it. These he proceeded to climb. I followed and found it easy enough, if a little cramped, till I bumped my head on the ceiling (it was almost pitch dark) and realised that my substantial guide had completely disappeared. Then—"Through here", came his voice, and peering about me I saw that "here" was a narrow slit which I afterwards took the trouble to measure twice (because the first time I simply couldn't believe it). The height of the slit was one foot four inches and the breadth of it was one foot seven inches. Slithering one's way through it was, as I imagine, like trying to unpost oneself from a pillar box. I felt infinitely long, but I did eventually arrive, on my hands, at Collett's feet, and in time the rest of me caught up with me.

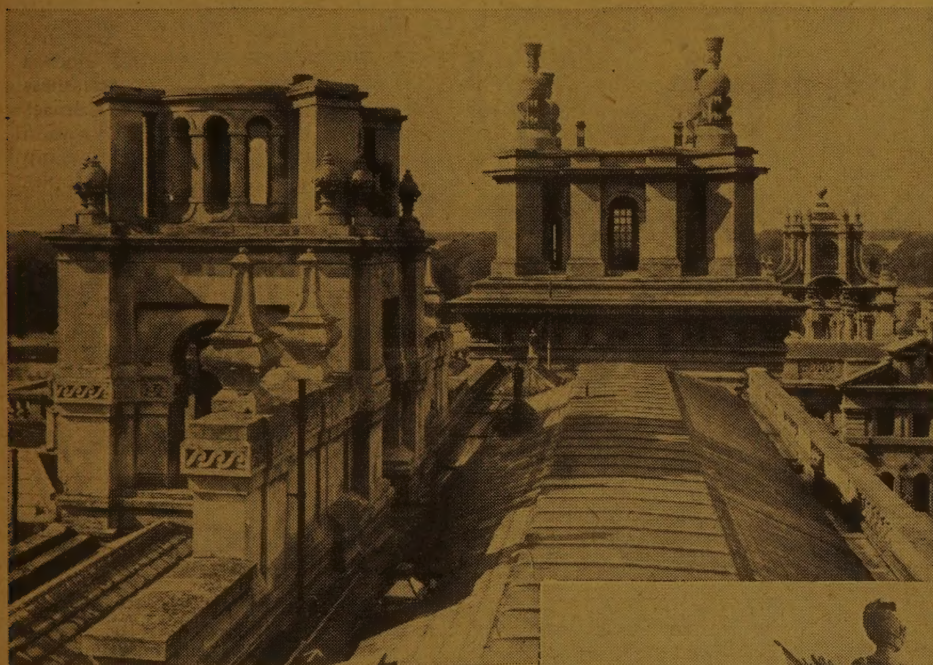
'Near at hand we saw Vanbrugh's grotesque chess-board of kings and castles, statues, urns, trophies and coronets, while above them all floated the pink pennant to show that somewhere beneath us the Duke was at home. To the west of us the ninth Duke's water-terraces looked like so many paper doyleys, and across the vast lake below them Capability Brown's hanging beechwoods blazed in their autumn glory. To the north stood the Column of Victory, and, leading to it, Vanbrugh's Grand Bridge.

'By this time I had caught the Blenheim fever badly—so badly that it led me to write a guidebook and to decide on a full-length history'. Perhaps the greatest puzzle of all which he had to solve, Mr. Green went on, was 'what exactly had that incomparable wood-carver Grinling Gibbons done at Blenheim? His cherubs in wood hover over the choir stalls of St. Paul's, and above his own door, they say, he had carved wooden flowers so delicate—turkcap lilies and

crown-imperials—that they trembled at the passing of a coach. We knew that Grinling Gibbons had charged Marlborough for work at Blenheim to the tune of several thousand pounds. The question was, what for? Had we but realised it, the answer was all about us—in the great hall and the salon, in the courts, and especially on the roof among those strange finials which Hawksmoor so charmingly called the Eminencys. For among thirty volumes of Blenheim papers in the British Museum I came upon what no friend could have told me and no historian had troubled to record: that Grinling Gibbons had been responsible for almost all the carving, not in wood but in stone and marble, both inside and outside Blenheim palace'.

ECCENTRICS' CORNER

LAURIE LEE has been collecting exhibits for what will be called 'The Eccentrics' Corner' in the Festival of Britain. 'What we wanted', he explained in a talk in 'The Eye-witness', 'was small and visible objects, things strange and generally unheard of; models, for instance, of unlikely materials, complicated machines built for unpredictable purposes—even essays in perpetual motion. Somewhere, we felt, hidden



'Roof-scape' at Blenheim Palace: in the centre is the north-east tower, and in the right distance the profile of the east gate-tower. Right: one of Grinling Gibbons' stone carvings—trophy on the north end of the east colonnade of the forecourt
'Country Life'



an excellent memory for detail he would describe it—the armies of servants running to answer a carillon of bells, the beaters in white smocks and red tam-o'-shanters, the Egyptian page-boy in exotic uniform standing behind the Duchess' chair; even Blenheim's ghost he described, though he had never seen it—the ghost of Marlborough's fat chaplain, Dean Jones, which the footmen had warned him to watch out for as, small and terrified, he ran down vaulted corridors to lock up room after empty room while the shadows fell. Since then Horne had served in many great houses and he had his stories of them. Yet he spoke of Blenheim with a difference, as though of something quite outside common experience. I found, in talks with others who had worked there, that they too took this almost reverential attitude and indeed it was not so long before I came to feel much the same way myself.

'I think what most impressed me about Blenheim from the first was the roof. I was lucky enough to meet a builder who had spent many hours on it and almost his first words to me were: "You can't see Blenheim without going on to the roof. Blenheim roof is a masterpiece". I followed him up there. It was like walking into a small town. We had it all to ourselves—towers like small castles, the rooms built apparently for the winds, the thirty-foot finials capped with coronets, the chimneys disguised as buttresses, the turrets surmounted by gilded copper spheres each of them twelve feet round. "Now this is what I like about Blenheim", Dan Collett, the builder, said to me, "all this lovely enrichment where no one ever sees it. Look at the work in these

away, there must lie a wealth of this untapped fantasy, the extravagant products of skill, imagination and the long, long winter evenings.

'We invited them to reveal themselves, and for several weeks now my sober office has been a clearing house for every imaginable and unimaginable freak of fancy. Strange inscrutable contrivances have arrived in paper bags, and people have rung up to tell me their dreams, and others have called with collapsible windmills and telescopic chairs and pendulum beds. The other day, arriving to work in the morning, I opened my office door and there, curled up in front of the fire, was an old grey-haired gentleman fast asleep. It seemed he had been there since dawn for he was a night watchman from Whitehall, and he had brought with him a most elaborate contrivance that had taken him ten years to build. It was an extravagant and complicated arrangement of alarm clocks designed to display the passing of time, and this it did in a most remorseless manner. Then on the foggiest day of the year came the ex-schoolmaster from the Midlands with his "wave-machine". When he first wrote to me about it I was driven to enquire just what this machine was designed to do. Did it for instance wave the hair or the sea, or merely "good-bye"? I soon realised that this was the question of a Philistine and with some dignity the inventor suggested a personal demonstration. Well, the day arrived and in he came from the black fog carrying a thing like a cello case. He unpacked it and revealed the most unbelievable contraption I've ever seen—an elaborate fantasia of door-stops and sawn-off hatpins and curtain rods and cotton reels and string, and it does exactly what it says; it waves up and down beautifully, languorously and unmistakably. As a trumpet sounds so this thing waves, and that's the be-all and the end-all of it.

'Most of these eccentric suggestions have come by letter, some on a really grand scale. First of all there was the one from the man who offered to throw us a rainbow across the Thames; in fact as many as we liked and at any angle. I feel he's a man to be encouraged. Another gentleman, claiming metaphysical powers of control over the weather, offered to dry up the sky for us for the whole of the Festival season. Among other suggestions we liked was a stairway, cunningly weighted to give the impression that one was walking downstairs when one in fact was walking up, and a design for a rubber bus which would deflate itself when passing under low bridges. There was also the morale-raiser which is worn on one's back and which encourages the wearer by keeping up a running commentary of "Bravo!" and "Well done!" and "Good show!", punctuated by pats on the back and loud clapping.

'In my office I have at this moment the "wave machine" and a "smoke-grinding machine" which grinds smoke, and a hundred-year-old Arctic hare, and a bottled circus. The smoke-grinding machine grinds smoke in coarse, medium and fine; the hare plays "God Save the Queen" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" on a guitar and shakes its ears and rolls its strawberry-red eyes and dominates my whole life'.

RICHES FROM ANCIENT ATHENS' 'BLACK COUNTRY'

As one of the countries to benefit by Marshall Aid dollars, Greece may soon be in a position to make a valuable repayment to the United States in terms of scarce raw materials dug up from mines that flourished 2,000 years ago. The lead and zinc that came out of the workings at a place called Laurium, about twenty-five miles from Athens, contributed something to the material greatness of ancient Greece. These same workings, extended and reorganised by an American company, will eventually produce raw materials vital for western defence needs. The B.B.C. Balkans correspondent, GUY HADLEY, who has just paid a visit to the mining area, said in 'Radio Newsreel': 'Driving out from Athens, one can still see from the road grey piles of old slag thrown up from the ancient workings. They strike the eyes almost with a shock against the background of the surrounding country, the vineyards and olive groves of Attica and the country villages where the pagan god, Pan, still holds a lingering spell. But these heaps of waste are a monument and a reminder of classical Greece, equally significant in their

own way as the temples and the tombs of heroes. For this was the Black Country of classical Athens. It was the rich output of silver, lead and zinc from these mines which provided the revenue to finance the rise of Athens from agricultural poverty to the position of a maritime empire and to leadership among the City States of ancient Greece. It was the wealth of these mines extracted by slave labour which made it possible to build the Athenian ships which routed the Persian Fleet at Salamis and saved the free-born Greeks, and it was this wealth, produced by sweated labour, which enabled the genius of Greek architects and the vision of Pericles to create the miracle of the Parthenon on the Athens Acropolis.

'More than 2,000 pits were in operation in these ancient times, working deposits of silver-bearing sulphide of lead. Some of them were sunk almost 400 feet underground, but none went below sea level. It seems that the miners of those days had not found means of dealing with flooding by sea water and apparently they were also hampered by layers of marble. Modern experts have estimated that the output of the old mines yielded riches equal in terms of modern purchasing power to billions of pounds, but it is believed that they were finally abandoned about 200 B.C. after the main deposits then accessible had been exhausted and because of fresh discoveries elsewhere. For centuries afterwards the mines lay silent and deserted. Work was begun again on the site about eighty years ago but interrupted by the two world wars and again abandoned.

'The revival of these mines will serve two modern purposes. It will supply badly needed lead and zinc for America's strategic reserves and hence for defending the freedom of the western world, and it will make a peaceful economic contribution to the recovery of Greece'.

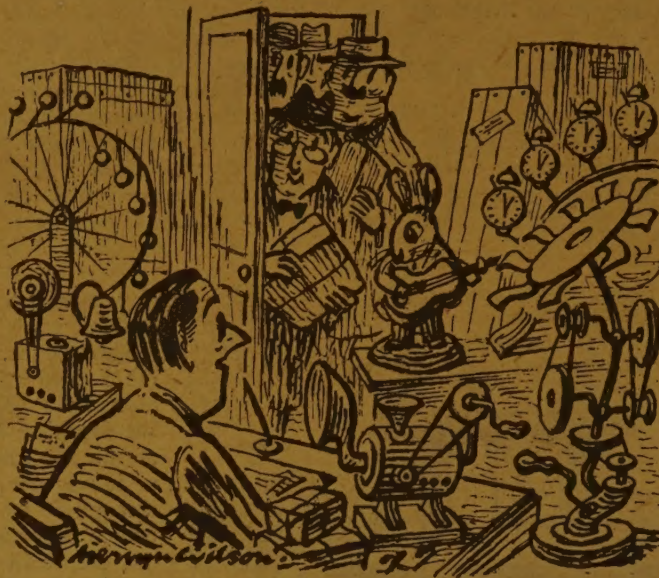
THE MIRACULOUS HERB

'A boy, named Nepal Baba, in Orissa, India, claims that about four months ago he met a holy man in the forest', related DOUGLAS STUART in a talk in the Light Programme. 'The holy man gave him a dried herb. "With this herb", the holy man told the boy, "you will be able to cure all diseases". After making this pronouncement, the holy man, Nepal Baba says, vanished into thin air.

'News of the miraculous herb soon spread all over the state. Hundreds of simple country folk crowded into the village where the shepherd boy lives. They came to partake of the miraculous herb in the hope that it would cure their numerous ailments. The crowds grew and grew until the State Government of Orissa was forced to take action. The Government appointed a committee to enquire into the healing properties of the wondrous herb. Members of this committee interviewed over 1,500 patients from over 100 villages. They discovered that only 150 people were ready to declare that they had obtained relief from their various and minor ailments after swallowing the herb.

'The committee came to the conclusion that beyond the shadow of doubt, claims about the drug being a panacea were entirely unfounded. But the committee's report has so far had little or no effect. Thousands of people are still trying to see Nepal Baba, and the railway through Orissa is jammed with hopeful patients. The State Government has now ordered Nepal Baba and his father to stop distributing the herb. The authorities have also banned travel to the village of the shepherd boy. Unfortunately, an epidemic of cholera has broken out among the intending visitors. It is officially stated that already 500 people have died. This cholera epidemic makes it all the more difficult for the State Government to disperse the crowds that have collected. The authorities fear that if they send the villagers back to their homes this will only have the effect of spreading the disease.

'Certain unscrupulous people have been carrying on subtle propaganda concerning the alleged miracle medicine. Among these unscrupulous people the Government specified those who are personally interested in increasing traffic by road, as they are in the motor transport business. The British-edited newspaper, *The Statesman*, comments: "Profiteers have as long if not as respectable a history as prophets".



Holbein and his Successors

By ELLIS WATERHOUSE

HOLBEIN'S 'greatness' as an artist is one of the least contested points in the history of art. A style of such combined purity and richness is hardly to be found in anyone else but Raphaël, and those who are artists themselves will always be captivated by Holbein's wonderful powers as a draughtsman. But it is to those who are not artists themselves that one mainly talks about works of art, and I fancy that many sensitive people who look upon pictures from the point of view of the consumer rather than of the creator, feel that there is something cold about Holbein's genius, an aloofness of spirit, a recording eye which perhaps deliberately evaded some of the human problems in portraiture. If this be so, the work of 'Holbein and Other Masters' on view at the Royal Academy during this winter offers the material on which to exercise our judgment. For it is only the English Holbein, Holbein the portraitist, who is to be seen here. The Royal Academy has been scrupulous not to attempt a full presentation of Holbein's genius—and his genius strays over into all the other arts as well as painting, into architecture, engraving, woodcutting, jewellery and even bookbinding: that is reserved for a full-scale exhibition in honour of Holbein, planned to take place one day, it is to be hoped in the not distant future, in the city of Basle.

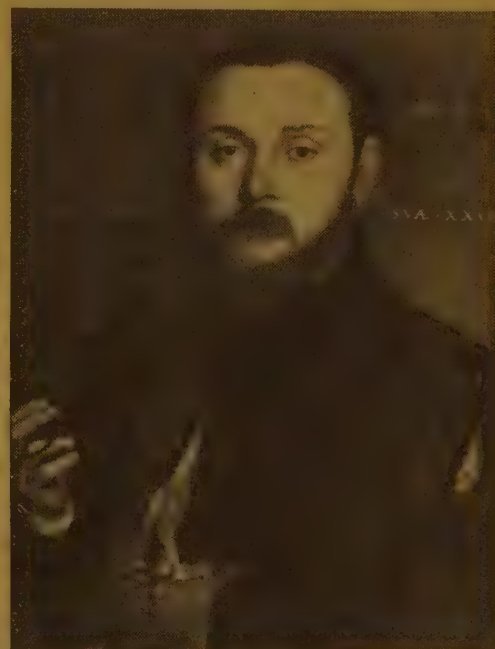
Instead of this whole of Holbein, Holbein the British portrait painter is illuminated and reflected by comparative material: by other portraits painted for the English Court during the same years, and especially by the largest collection hitherto seen together of the work of Hans Eworth, the only other painter working in England in the mid-sixteenth century whose career we can follow in any detail. Eworth is only a moon to Holbein's sun in brilliance, but he is by no means all a reflection of Holbein, and he emerges as a painter in his

own right of fine and individual distinction. We can see, too, that just the same curious stylistic change came over his work after he had settled in England as came over Holbein's. So perhaps we can discover in this way something of the impact of English taste and English Court patronage on the painters who were employed, and discern that the change in the direction that I have called 'coldness' in Holbein's style was not so much something inherent in Holbein himself as due to unfavourable conditions of patronage against which his own genius more or less successfully fought.

The facts are briefly these. At the time of Holbein's first visit to



Two portraits by Hans Holbein the Younger:
'Erasmus', from the Louvre, Paris—



—and 'Man with a Falcon', from the Mauritshuis,
The Hague



Hans Eworth's double portrait of the widowed Duchess of Suffolk and Adrian Stoke
Illustrations from the Exhibition of Works by Holbein and Other Masters at Burlington House

London, from the autumn of 1526 to 1528, he had been to Italy and had assimilated something perceptible of the art both of Leonardo and of Raphaël. He was heir to all that was noblest in European art and promised to combine something of the qualities which prevailed both north and south of the Alps. On that first visit to England he lived among and worked for the circle which centred on Sir Thomas More, that small circle of enlightened persons who were in touch with the best of international humanism of the day. After four uneasy years at Basle, Holbein returned to England towards the end of 1532 and he remained here until his death in November 1543. On this final visit he lived and worked among a different world. All his humanist friends were out of favour or dead, if they had not been 'liquidated' by the first violent blasts of the Reformation. Holbein now worked at first for the German Merchants of the Hansa Steelyard, but by 1536 he was employed by the Crown and was placed on the official pay-roll of the household of Henry VIII.

Both paintings and drawings survive from both periods and the contrast between them is startling. Among the wonderful series of drawings from Windsor, which form, as it were, the backbone of the Holbein part of the exhibition, are seven for the heads in the group picture 'The Family of Sir Thomas More', which seems to have been Holbein's major preoccupation

during his first visit. And of this family group itself the version from Nostell Priory is on view, over eight foot high and over eleven foot wide. From a little distance which veils the inadequacy of the visible drawing, this striking picture gives more than an echo of what Holbein's finished work must have looked like. Certainly no 'human' qualities are lacking in these intensely vivid heads. Here Holbein was drawing those whom he loved, and who loved him—people who lived in a world not particularly secure, yet not at present requiring profound and habitual dissimulation as a condition of survival. No human virtue was alien to them, and all the resources of European art were combined in this 'Family Picture'. For this painting was the first great secular group portrait (which had nothing specifically religious or ceremonial about it) to be painted north of the Alps. In it we can see something like the birth and, at the same time, the 'death' of the Northern Renaissance—the promise of the splendid impact of all that was richest in Mediterranean civilisation upon the civilisation of the countries north of the Alps. All the resources which could be used to depict a noble personality and his family were employed. Faces, hands, characteristic movement and expression, space and the typical objects which filled a homely space in those days, are all employed in this composition—all the resources of the natural world to express the natural nobility of man. The promise of Europe before the disturbances of the Reformation is displayed before us.

An Image of Power or Tyranny

Now turn from this lovely and human painting to the strange and terrible picture which strikes the eye almost with a blow as you look down the vista of the first two Galleries at the Academy. It is Holbein's last great work, left uncompleted at his death and finished off by later and feebler hands, the picture from the Barber-Surgeons' Hall which shows King Henry VIII presiding at the renewed merger of the Barbers' and Surgeons' Companies. Though scarred by fire (for it suffered in the Great Fire of London), and diminished in its impressiveness by repaint, it is still a thing of immense power. Here every human element has been deliberately denied. The faces are frozen masks; the movements of the bodies solemn and regular and moulded to pattern, not characteristic of the individual. Even the feeling of natural space is denied, for the figure of the King, who is depicted seated *behind* the foreground figures (by a technical device more usual in the art of ancient Egypt than in the Renaissance) is made twice the size of the subordinate figures in front. It would stand for an image of Power, or Tyranny, whichever way you like to look at it.

In these two monumental paintings, seen in contrast with one another, Holbein appears, by bending all his great powers as an artist to different requirements of patronage, as the most impressive and dispassionate of historians. Perhaps no pen could tell us, with such wide connotations of meaning, what the eye and the intelligence can learn from the comparative study of these two paintings. And yet, in our extraordinary country, the study of works of art later than the classical period is considered as no proper part of the study of history in our older universities!

With our eyes opened by the easily discernible lesson of these two monumental pictures, we can grasp more easily the nature and the reasons for the stylistic change to be seen in Holbein's portraits of individual sitters. The first picture in the catalogue is Holbein's portrait of Erasmus lent by the Louvre, a picture of about 1523. He is seen to just below the hands, writing, with the face in medallion profile to the left, a pose which would lend itself most readily to the masklike and disembodied style that you find on coins today. Yet, although discreetly used, all the resources we have noticed in the More family picture are marshalled here. The face and the hands are alive and the special turn and movement of the body in writing enrich our knowledge of the sitter's character. He is in a room whose studious, sumptuous, and, at the same time, austere character is suggested by a little panelling on the wall and by a splendid damask hanging. This serves to reduce, but not to deny, the impression of space and air which gives warmth and life to the portrait.

Turn now from this to one of the latest of Holbein's portraits, a picture of a 'Man with a Falcon', lent by the Mauritshuis at The Hague. It has been newly cleaned and this has enhanced the jewel-like quality it was always meant to have, for it is hardly larger than a large miniature. The whole texture of the man, of the world in which he lives, and of the space in which he moves, is different from that of the Erasmus. He is seen as if frozen, or as Reynolds describes it in an interesting critique on Holbein, 'enamelled' against a plain, glossy,

blue background, which denies space and across which is inscribed his age and the date 1542. The high polish and finish of this work give it a look as if the man were made of semi-precious stones, and there is an impenetrable look about his eyes and his face, which tells us nothing except that he was a Courtier, well trained in dissimulation. This coldness is a feature of Mannerist portraiture of the middle sixteenth century: we find it in Moro, the painter of the Habsburg Courts, and in Bronzino in Florence. The odd thing about Holbein is that he produces the same effect as Mannerist portraiture does in the idiom of High Renaissance. It is as if Raphael had made a transcription of Bronzino.

What causes contribute to bring about stylistic changes of this kind? How far are they the personal contributions of great artists? Or how far are they impressed upon artists by changes in the structure of society and in the spiritual life of peoples? These are some of the central questions which the history of art seeks to answer. It is certainly no accident that two of the greatest artists who lived through the period of the Reformation, Holbein in the Protestant north, and Michelangelo in the Catholic south, should both have altered their whole style and the whole direction of their art in later life. But it is only of the very few giants of art that we can entertain this possibility of its being their own genius which had anything to do with such changes. Lesser men more faithfully reflect the fluctuations of taste and mere fashion. It is in Rembrandt's pupils and successors that we look for an account of the minor changes of fashion in Holland during the seventeenth century, and not in Rembrandt himself. What happens when we seek for the same sort of information from Holbein's successors?

Only one painter working in England in the generation after Holbein is at all a clear personality—Hans Eworth. Eworth was a native of Antwerp, born perhaps a quarter of a century later than Holbein, and he came to England about 1545, about two years after Holbein's death. He can be followed by signed and dated works up to 1573. He began as a stranger to Holbein's art, and he can never have been in personal contact with him, but he made certain copies (or variations) upon some of Holbein's designs, such as the full length 'Henry VIII' in the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he signed and dated 1567 and which he modelled on Holbein's Whitehall fresco. The fascinating thing about Hans Eworth is that a change in the direction of 'coldness' comes over his work too.

One of his earliest dated portraits is the 'Thomas Wyndham' of 1550 from Longford Castle. Wyndham can only be described as a 'tough', and the year this picture was painted he was planning a spot of piracy in Morocco. Eworth shows him at rest from the action of battle. In the background are a tented camp and soldiers: Wyndham himself is shown leaning for a moment against a tree, his powder-flask slung round his neck, two gun barrels behind his head, and his helmet by his side, ready to put on at a moment's notice. This is the lively Flemish tradition which Eworth brought over with him. There is certainly nothing cold about it, and every element which can contribute to give character to the sitter is employed in the picture—as it was in Holbein's portraits of his first English period.

Chill Formalism instead of Bluff Heartiness

But Eworth, like Holbein, was soon caught up—as every successful painter sought to be—in the trammels of Court patronage. In 1554, when Antonio Moro paid a flying visit to England to paint Mary Tudor for her Spanish husband, Eworth too was painting the Queen, and the chill formality of Spanish etiquette crept over him and caused him to abandon the bluff and hearty style he had used for his earlier portraits. It is certainly worth observing, too, that this painter, who probably came to England as a Protestant refugee from the Spanish Netherlands, contrived to hold his position unchallenged through all the various changes in religious observance which followed one another.

By 1559 he had arrived at almost the same degree of artificial, almost 'enamelled', presentation as Holbein had before him. The best evidence is a fascinating double portrait lent to the exhibition by Colonel Wynne Finch, which once belonged to Horace Walpole. It shows a lady of the highest birth in the land, the widowed Duchess of Suffolk, whose mother had been the Dowager Queen of France and sister to King Henry VIII. It was painted the year of her death, 1559, when she was only thirty-six, but had already seen her first husband, and her daughter, Lady Jane Grey, done to death for their nearness to the throne. She had wisely concentrated on satisfying the desires of her nature rather than of her royal position, and had lately remarried the Master of her Horse, Adrian Stoke, a handsome young person of

twenty-one. The two of them are seen here together, sharply outlined against a glossy black ground across which the dates and their respective and revealing ages are elegantly inscribed in gold. It is the same formula as with the later Holbein—but it is Holbein with a difference. For Eworth had relatively little of Holbein's supreme command of linear pattern, and the result, for the very reason—to some extent—that it is so much less masterly than a Holbein as a picture, is more revealing as a portrait. If both the greater and the lesser artist, because they both worked for the English Court, found it necessary to modify their styles so profoundly, and both in the same direction, we can hardly be wrong to conclude that the taste and patronage of the time were predominantly responsible. Under Queen Elizabeth Eworth under-

went a second transformation. The astonishing world of artifice and allegory which blossoms out in later Elizabethan literature, and which is so sparkingly illustrated in the miniatures of Nicholas Hilliard, is foreshadowed in Eworth's later works. From Hampton Court comes the famous picture of 1569, which is one of the earliest portraits of Elizabeth as Queen which can be dated—for she seems to have been reluctant to sit for painters in the earlier years of her reign. Eworth shows her in a fanciful allegory as Paris with the three Goddesses, but, by a quirk, the apple, which was the prize, has become the orb, and the Queen allots it to herself. This is a new world and a new style and is straying a little beyond the boundary of what is the main theme of this part of the exhibition—Holbein and his successors.—*Third Programme*

Freedom in Science

By C. A. COULSON

WHEN Alfred Nobel was drawing up the famous paragraph in his will which directed his executors to employ a very large sum of money in the provision of what we now call Nobel Prizes, he inserted this sentence: 'I declare it to be my express desire that in the awarding of prizes, no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidates, whether of Scandinavian origin or not'.

Three of the prizes thus awarded annually are for scientific work, in physics, chemistry and medicine; and this concept of the universal character of science has generally been accepted as being true to its real nature. For we have always supposed that knowledge cannot be nationalised, and that no successful embargos can be maintained against the export or import of knowledge. Those people who, in Nobel's original words, 'have made the most important discovery or invention', and thus 'contributed most materially to benefit mankind', may belong to any country, and may hold any personal beliefs. They are received into the fraternity of science, and in honouring them the Nobel Foundation represents the whole scientific community.

The Code of Statutes of the Foundation was given at Stockholm in June 1900; even the quickest glance over the list of names of those who, in these fifty years, have been awarded a Nobel Prize, shows how magnificently the various responsible committees have held to their original directive. And we all of us know that when Professor Powell of Bristol was awarded this year's prize in physics, no one bothered about what he might or might not believe, in politics or religion; or whether his nationality lay east or west of any magic line. What was taken into account was simply his scientific discoveries. And it has always been so. Since the war, prizes have been awarded to physicists from Britain, Switzerland, America and Japan. Furthermore it is assumed that those who have been awarded prizes share in some measure a common tradition. This year the first fifty years of the Foundation were celebrated with exceptional splendour, and all surviving prizewinners were invited. This was a tangible sign of our belief in the validity of this common tradition. None of us, I imagine, had the pleasure of being present, but few of us expect it to have been any less amicable than some of the other international occasions associated with (shall I say?) post-war politics. The fact that we instinctively think like this is one of the clearest signs that within the scientific tradition there is an ethos, a spirit, which in some degree permeates and suffuses all its activity and thought.

This is what I want to examine here. Is there really a scientific tradition of this kind? On what has it matured? On what basis does it rest? What is its relation to some of those other great influences and ideologies which today are stirring so many people in all parts of the world? Let me begin by stating quite plainly my own belief. It is this: that there is a genuine scientific tradition, and that it has been founded, and still rests, on certain basic convictions, many of which lie outside what is conventionally called science. If I am right, then all this bears very closely on what may be called freedom in science.

'Do you love truth for truth's sake and will you try impartially to find and receive it for yourself, and communicate it to others?' This was the question put by Benjamin Franklin to all would-be members of his early Scientific Society, the Junta of Philadelphia. And the

second charter of the Royal Society of London directs the Fellows to apply their studies 'to the glory of God the Creator, and the advantage of the human race'. These are two particular examples, but the argument can be put quite generally. Thus science would be quite impossible unless scientists believed there was a truth, and that this truth was accessible to all people. Furthermore we scientists know quite well what is good or bad science, whether it be in theory or experiment, and we are not afraid to give our verdict. When we do so, we nearly always find a practically unanimous agreement. We adopt towards our publication the highest conceivable standards of integrity and judgment, and we expect the same of others. Any falling short of this code is regarded with the greatest seriousness. Many a scientific career has been ruined in its early stages by an uncritical desire to publish work before it had been fully substantiated. And there is hardly one reputable scientific journal in Britain which publishes an article submitted to it until the manuscript has gone through a panel of referees, whose job (unpaid, let it be said) is to satisfy themselves of its *a priori* validity.

From the first moment that a young doctor subscribes to the Hippocratic oath, he accepts some measure of responsibility for the welfare of all men everywhere; yet those who are not medicals, but physicists, chemists or biologists equally would claim to take responsibility not only for the truth of what they publish, but for the whole of its consequences, so far as they can be foreseen. That is why it is being true to the genius of the scientific tradition when scientists protest against being made the instruments of anyone else's policy. Let me quote some words from a recent issue of the bulletin of the atomic scientists in Chicago. We know, it says, that 'the degradation of the position of the scientist as an independent worker and thinker to that of a morally irresponsible stooge in a science factory is ruinous both to the morale of the scientist and the quality of his scientific output'. It is for this reason that scientists demand the right, so far as the life of the community permits, to decide in what fields of work they will study, and freely to consult others working in similar fields. International conferences, nearly always conducted in an atmosphere of complete cordiality, have commonly been considered integral to that sharing of discovery which is one of the deepest satisfactions of the scientific life. Personal or national prestige has always been subsidiary to the advancement of knowledge.

But it goes deeper than this. For patience, humility, tolerance, fair-mindedness, integrity, co-operation, trust, these are the hallmarks of the scientific tradition, and they force me to the conclusion that this tradition is ultimately based on, and derives its final sanction from, moral and ethical convictions which lie outside what is popularly called science. Without the inner conviction that the world was rational, and without that confidence in one another that enables us to dispense with the verifications of other people's claims, the concourse of science would be little better than the tower of Babel. I find myself in complete agreement with A. N. Whitehead when he asks what can be the origin of these convictions, 'vividly poised before the imagination', and replies that it must surely be a legacy coming to us from 'the medieval insistence on the rationality of God'. So, in a time of crisis like the present, which is dominated by the breakdown of personal conviction among ordinary people, it seems to me highly important that—in some senses,

and when properly understood—scientists are the custodians of many of the most precious values in our civilisation. I have no doubt but that this is important in the context of today, in much the same way that I foresee the probability that in ten or twenty years' time, when the empiricism and opportunism of an unbridled technology have been popularly discredited, some of us may have to urge the claims of pure science as a genuine humanity. Here I find myself one with Polanyi, who has recently shown that the suppositions underlying our belief in science, as he says, 'coextend with the entire spiritual foundations of man, and go to the very root of his social existence'. Can we not speak of a 'Scientific Movement' to which, in greater or less degree, we are all subject—a living tradition embodying the ethos, the standards, the convictions of our predecessors, which takes us up and encompasses our work to such a degree that very rarely in western science is there found any non-conformer?

If what I have just been saying is true, then several conclusions seem to me to follow quite inescapably. The first and most important is that science must be free. If it is the kind of spontaneous creative activity that I have described, then it can no more be kept in chains than can poetry or art. It does not matter whether those chains are the chains of a benevolent government, sponsoring some scientific concoction, or of an industrial concern dictating to scientists the type of research that they must do. You may get a useful technology in this way, but you will leave science—real science—stone dead. We have a relatively happy tradition in this respect in Britain. It is true that some years ago a few of the larger industries tried to influence the research done in some of our university science departments. But the policy had to be abandoned because, in the end, the universities would not stand for it. Our Royal Society has always managed to avoid being influenced by any Government, and this despite the fact that it is charged with the spending of so much in the way of government grants. And it is surely significant that the University Grants Committee itself, which is chiefly responsible through the Treasury for the allocation of the huge annual government grant to the universities, has no statutory powers and is recruited largely from outside the Civil Service. This is a great safeguard against its becoming an instrument of government.

Dangers of Proposed Science Centre

I would go further in this argument: as soon as any industry, however necessary and vital to the country's welfare, offers to subsidise particular pieces of research because they want the results of this research, and any university laboratory accepts that offer, that very day scientific freedom is wounded. In the last few weeks magnificent plans have been announced for the eventual construction by the Government of a Science Centre in London, where under the supervising aegis of the Royal Society most of the major scientific societies would find their own accommodation; and the Patent Office would be there, with its already well-assorted library much enlarged. How excellent it all sounds, how economical of time and energy! I admit the greater efficiency and I am thrilled at the scope and grandeur of the design: but I wonder if everyone is aware of the dangers?

Sometimes I think of what might happen. May I put it pictorially like this? On the ground floor of this great scheme is the Physical Society and the Faraday Society, and the other individual societies; on the next floor the Conjoint Chemical Council and other co-ordinating groups; above them the Royal Society. You will see how as we go up tier by tier, we reach regions of greater and greater influence. It would be safe enough if we stopped there. But what if some day a little top room is added, and a Government—not like our own now, but like some that we can see in other countries of Europe—installs in that room a 'Minister for Scientific Affairs'? With one stroke of his pen that little man could 'collar' all our science, he would have access to all the records, and could 'plan' our national science activities as seemed best to the officers in his ministry. It would all be so terribly efficient, but before long that question which Benjamin Franklin addressed to his scientific friends in Philadelphia, and that charter of the Royal Society to which I referred above, would be relics of a spiritual view of man that was dead. You will say that I am exaggerating. Yes, I am, a little, but I am very jealous for the purity of that freedom in which now we rejoice.

This is not all that seems to follow from the view of science that I am putting forward. For secrecy ill fits this tradition of freedom. Secrecy is sinister. Secrecy breeds mistrust and suspicion. If scientists continually converse in whispers, and constantly interrupt their research to look suspiciously over their shoulders, science itself suffers. The

following sentence is taken from evidence given at hearings concerned with security on the Oak Ridge Atomic Energy project; a good deal of objection was being taken to the proposed clearance scheme for scientific personnel. This is what was said: 'There are many here, not usually pessimistic, who fear that the outcome is likely to be the annihilation of Oak Ridge as a major contributor to atomic energy research'. And coming nearer home, there seems to be little doubt but that this matter of secrecy has been partly responsible for the difficulty experienced in attracting senior scientists into government research, particularly in atomic energy. I am not surprised.

I know that this is a difficult problem, made infinitely more complex in a state of international tension, like the present. I can sympathise with the distinguished American physicist who, on learning that President Truman had announced the hydrogen bomb project, said regretfully that scientists must accept the need to co-operate in the secret making of these things. 'Our scientific community', he said, 'has been out on a honeymoon with mesons. The holiday is over. Hydrogen bombs will not produce themselves. Neither will rockets or radar'. I can also sympathise with the so-called Tolman Committee which, shortly after the war, was asked to advise on the declassification of scientific information. In their first report there was a section entitled 'General Philosophy of the Committee'. In it there occur these sentences, which, to my mind, ably express the ethical conflict for those of us who are scientists today. 'In the interest of national welfare it might seem that nearly all information should be released at once. In the interest of national security a superficial consideration of the problem might lead to the conclusion that very little information should be released. It is not the conviction of the Committee that the concealment of scientific information can in any long term contribute to the national security of the United States. ... If we are looking to national welfare or national security as they may be two decades from now, the Committee has no doubt that the greatest strength in both fields would come from a completely free and open development of science'.

This is an issue on which we shall hardly expect to be all agreed. But I should be false to my own conviction if I did not state my personal position. If secrecy is admittedly so alien to the true spiritual foundations of science, then I do not feel that temporary conditions of expediency should sway us into accepting it. The injunction about rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's is followed by a crisp command: 'and, to God the things that are God's'. I believe in that famous phrase, that 'the welfare of all men everywhere' will best be served by scientists when they remain faithful to this conviction. If you ask me what scientists can do to fulfil Nobel's requirement that they should 'contribute materially to benefit mankind', I would remind you of an incident reported in the 1937-38 report of the Rockefeller Foundation. The incident is very reminiscent of the way in which in the last century, if my memory serves me correctly, Sir Humphry Davy was granted a free pass through the French lines to receive from Napoleon an award for his beneficent scientific discoveries. Here are the actual words that are used:

Some twenty years ago in a Central American city a revolution developed while the foundation was engaged in a study of yellow fever control measures. Dr. Emmett Vaughn, who was in charge of the work, determined to continue his researches. Every morning, with a flag of truce, he crawled through the barricades to collect his mosquitoes on one side of the fighting line, and in the afternoon he crawled back again to gather up his specimens on the other side. He was molested by neither army. Both sides thought him rather crazy—a man who when the great issues of human destiny were being fought out, spent his time catching mosquitoes. Today in that Central American country the revolution has largely been forgotten, but Dr. Vaughn is remembered as the man who helped to stamp out an age-long pestilence.

That seems to me to be true to the deepest elements in the scientific tradition which I have been struggling to explain—a noble tradition, which if we properly understand its spiritual character, and accept its discipline, will lead us towards the freedom of the good life.

—Third Programme

The new 'Monastic Britain' map has been published by the Ordnance Survey in two sheets on the ten miles to an inch scale (paper, 2s. 6d.; mounted and folded with explanatory text and index, 7s. 6d.), the dividing line between them falling across the north of Yorkshire so that the dioceses of Durham and Carlisle—along with some portions of the diocese of York—will be found on the north sheet. The work begins with the Norman Conquest and covers subsequent monastic history in Britain to the final dissolution of the monasteries in 1539. The position, character and history of each foundation are shown by a system of symbols.

How Canterbury, New Zealand, Was Founded

The second of two talks by C. E. CARRINGTON

THE old saying that the British Empire came into existence in a fit of absence of mind is a misquotation to begin with, and—to go further—it is not true. Almost all the settlements made by the British overseas were planned settlements. Systematic colonisation was the rule, not the exception. But the planning was almost always done by private persons and almost never by the Colonial Office. About thirty distinct experiments in systematic colonisation have been carried through with success by the British people, the first being Captain John Smith's Virginia, and the latest Sir Charles Eliot's Kenya. But to learn their history you must search in local records, and no one so far has taken the time or trouble to record how it was done, that is to say to make a comparative study of systematic colonisation. No one has published the facts from which we might learn whether systematic colonisation is still possible today.

There was a time, in the days of the colonial reformers, when the problem was studied and when a series of experiments in this art of colonisation was carried out with an increasing measure of success. Their model colony, the climax to the series, was Canterbury, New Zealand, founded by John Robert Godley in December, 1850, just a hundred years ago. In every one of these activities we find the obscure, ubiquitous figure of Gibbon Wakefield as the moving spirit. Before 1843, he was the effective founder of South Australia and of three settlements in New Zealand—at Wellington, Nelson, and New Plymouth. They did not satisfy him. Something was lacking, something that had been present in the seventeenth-century colonies in North America, which were never long out of his mind. The problem, he said, was to convey to a new country 'an extension of the old one', peopling it not only with pauper labourers but with 'surveyors, architects, engineers, miners, botanists, chemists, printers, schoolmasters, publishers and even reviewers—surgeons, lawyers, bankers, clergymen, singers, milliners, and at least one good political economist at each settlement, to prevent us from devising an Australasian tariff'. He wanted married colonists with lots of children—'the finest opportunity that ever occurred to see what may be done for society by universal education'.

For a colony like that, you must, of course, have complete self-government from the very first day, and you must have a strong sense of social unity. The way to integrate a new society came into his mind about the year 1843. It must be religious colonisation by members of a single church, like that which created Massachusetts and Maryland, and Pennsylvania. The Victorian religious revival was at its height in the eighteen-forties. The missionaries had the ear of the Colonial Office and poured into it protests against the iniquity of white settlement in areas of missionary endeavour. The way to outwit the missionaries and take the Colonial Office by the other ear was to get the churches interested in colonisation. The disruption of the Scottish Church made one opportunity. A group of dissatisfied Free Churchmen from Edinburgh negotiated with Wakefield and his friends to found the Scottish colony of Otago in New Zealand. But, important as it became in later years and powerful as the Scottish influence in New Zealand is today, Otago began in a very small way and was a sickly infant. Its birth made no great stir in the world. The Canterbury Settlement, which followed it, made headline news. Wakefield and his friends organised a High Church and High Tory colonising plan to

rally the critics of the Whig Government. Among the Colonial Reformers there was one, the Irishman John Robert Godley, who was admirably qualified to act as Wakefield's principal in this new adventure. Wakefield and Godley met at Malvern, in November 1847, and there the plans of the Canterbury Settlement were laid.

Godley was a classical scholar from Harrow and Christ Church,



Arrival of the first 'Canterbury Pilgrims' in New Zealand: an engraving of 1850 showing the four ships anchored in Lyttelton Harbour, and (on the right) passengers landing by a jetty built in preparation for the settlers

Oxford, a barrister and journalist, and a travelled man. He had attracted attention by his efforts (which the Whigs heavily snubbed) to mitigate the misery of Ireland by planned emigration. A man of high principles, deeply religious, earnest and enthusiastic, he had many friends in those circles where the disreputable Wakefield could never be received. He was a friend of Gladstone, Tennyson, Jowett; and his most intimate associate was Adderley, the founder of the Colonial Reform Society, who looked to Godley for inspiration and advice. Godley wrote round among his friends and, in March 1848, announced the existence of the Canterbury Association for founding a Church of England settlement in New Zealand. It was to be called Canterbury because its President was Dr. Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the principal town in the new settlement was to be called Christchurch because Godley and Adderley and their friends were graduates of Christ Church, Oxford. Its nucleus was to be a cathedral and a college, the great House at Oxford to which they owed allegiance.

To begin with a cathedral was something new in colonisation. Too many earlier colonies had begun with a convict-prison or a slave-plantation. And the members of the Association were the most distinguished body of men who had ever lent their names to a colonising project, or at least the most distinguished body since John Locke planned the foundation of Caroline. The Canterbury Association included two Archbishops, seven bishops, three statesmen of cabinet rank, a dozen peers and about twenty Members of Parliament. Wakefield's name did not appear on the prospectus, though he managed everything in the background, nor did the names of his radical friends, like Molesworth, for they were, or were reputed to be, anti-clericals. And, among the numerous Members of Parliament who joined the Association not one was a supporter of the Whig Administration.

The year 1849 was taken up with preparations, which depended upon the choice of a site, not an easy task since it was necessary to send an agent to New Zealand—this was long before the days of the deep-sea

cables—and to give him *carte blanche*, because there was no way of communicating with him. It usually took ten months to get a reply to a letter. In starting a new colonial enterprise, these are the fundamental problems: how to choose a site, how to acquire a title to it, how to survey and develop it before the cultivators move on to the ground, how to allot land-sections to new settlers, and how to feed the first-comers until the settlement is self-supporting. The history of colonisation is a long tale of hardship, extravagance, and waste in coping with these questions; and since few people have ever cared to read the history of the British Empire, fewer still have learned by experience the lessons of colonisation. Each of the 'Wakefield' colonies planted between 1834 and 1850 was in some respects an improvement on the last, and Canterbury, the last of all, was the colony where the settlers got possession of their land with least hardship and most economy.

Preliminary Expenses

The preliminary expenses incurred before the settlers arrived were no less than £23,000, a sum which, by the reckoning of those parsimonious days, was thought gigantic. One cannot help thinking of the £23,000,000 which was spent on the preliminaries of the East African Groundnuts Scheme. And there is this further difference. Every penny of the £23,000 came out of the pockets of the settlers themselves. In the other case, the £23,000,000 was taxpayers' money.

How did the Canterbury Association acquire the land? The New Zealand Company, Wakefield's previous venture, arranged to sell 2,000,000 acres of empty virgin land to the Canterbury Association; the price was to be 10s. for every acre which was taken up by an actual settler. Shortly afterwards the New Zealand Company was wound up. Its assets lapsed to the Crown and the Canterbury Association found itself obliged to pay the Crown 10s. for every acre of land it settled. This tax nearly ruined the Association, which came near to bankruptcy. The Lords and Bishops, who had given their names to a purely philanthropic scheme, had to put their hands in their pockets, rather deeply, and pay for their fancy. The Great Canterbury Bubble was denounced in the press as still another colonial fraud, and so—for a year or two—it seemed to be.

Meanwhile, what was happening at the other end of the world? Godley's health broke down in 1849 and he was ordered a change of climate. Wakefield persuaded him to go to New Zealand to found, on the spot, the colony which he had inspired and planned in London. He arrived at the harbour, newly named Port Lyttelton, after Lord Lyttelton, the Chairman of the Association's executive committee, in April 1850, to take charge of the survey and the preparations. The managing committee in London—that is to say Lyttelton, Adderley and their friends, with Wakefield always in the background—had then to find purchasers for the land, to finance the new colony from the sums so raised, and to select emigrants—all of whom were to have a certificate of good health and good character signed by their parish clergyman and a Justice of the Peace.

Land-sections, on Wakefield's principle, were to be sold at the very high price of £3 an acre, in order to provide an endowment for the cathedral and the college, and to pay the debt to the Crown. So it is not surprising that purchasers came in slowly. Or would it not be truer to say that it is surprising that 154 families of early-Victorian gentry committed themselves to this speculative—not to say Utopian—project and persuaded a larger number of respectable working-men to accompany them. It is not as if there was no choice. A hundred thousand emigrants left Great Britain that year to go to countries where no provision was made for them in advance, and where land was nominally cheap.

Farewell Party and Sermon

This selective body of churchmen, to whom the name of Canterbury Pilgrims soon attached itself, met in London and formed a civil society before they sailed. The cabin passengers dined and danced together at a farewell party which was attended by many society leaders and was widely reported in the press, and it was more to the point that the whole body of settlers met in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 1, 1850 to receive communion together and to hear a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The first four ships, carrying about 800 settlers then sailed from Plymouth and arrived at Port Lyttelton between December 16 and 27. They found there what no other first body of settlers has ever found, their agent and leader, Godley, standing ready to receive them, a jetty on which to land their goods, four large

wooden sheds built as temporary quarters to be used until they could build their own huts, food supplies, a path—though a rough one—to the fertile interior, and a complete survey of town-sites and farmlands.

After allowing them six weeks to unload the ships and examine the country, Godley assembled the land-purchasers at the site of Christchurch, inland on the Canterbury Plains. Each settler, in turn, presented the order, for which he had paid cash to the Association in London, and selections were made in the order in which applications had been received. The first selection was made by Godley himself as an endowment for the college. It is the principal endowment for the Public School, known as Christ's College, today. By February 17, 1851 the land-selection was complete; settlers were busily engaged erecting the prefabricated huts they had brought with them, and they were beginning to break the ground. A grammar school was already at work, a newspaper was issued in a form that won commendation from the *London Times*, and, a few weeks later there was a church with an organ and a deep-toned bell. Canterbury was founded.

Such endeavours as these usually pass through a 'honeymoon' period. There followed, as there often does, a long dull struggle, when land-sales dwindled, when some settlers found they had missed their vocation, when prices rose; and every sort of unforeseen difficulty cropped up. The Association in London was, or seemed to be, bankrupt, and the settlers in New Zealand complained that they had been deceived. Where was the cathedral? And where the college which was to have rivalled Oxford in the southern world? It was no more than a country grammar-school!

What was lacking, as so often in these cases, was patience; and it was Godley's task to supply that. A whole generation was required to build up the cultivated Anglican community that the founders had hoped to build in three or four years. Godley, as sole agent of the Association and as President Magistrate was at first almost the dictator of the little colony. His tragedy was that he was the most advanced thinker among the colonial reformers. No one more bitterly opposed dictatorship by the Colonial Office; no one more strongly supported self-government for the colonies and entire self-reliance.

'Let your colonies alone', he said. 'They will never do anything or be fit for anything great, so long as their chief political business is to complain of you, to fight with you and to consider you as responsible for their welfare. Throw them into the water and they will swim'.

All Loans Repaid

In December 1852, Godley returned to England to resume his place among the colonial reformers. He wanted now to ensure that Canterbury should have complete self-government under the new Constitution of New Zealand and he wanted to see the Association wound up. It had done its work. He arrived just when its finances were most involved and when the newspapers were full of criticism of the Great Canterbury failure. Year by year, Godley would speak at the annual dinner of the Canterbury Association and year by year the prospect brightened. In 1853 he could already say that Canterbury was self-supporting in its fourth year, which no other British colony had ever been. In 1855, he announced that the settlers had shouldered the debts of the Association and would repay all the loans and gratuities subscribed by members in London. In 1858 Canterbury was booming. New settlers were coming in in great numbers, in spite of the high price of land; and the revenue and trade of the province in proportion to its tiny population were higher than those of any other state in the world. When Godley died—young—in 1861, Canterbury contained 16,000 settlers. Throughout the nineteenth century—and especially after refrigeration made Canterbury lamb world-famous—it was by far the richest of the New Zealand provinces. It long retained—perhaps still retains—an early Victorian flavour in its architecture, institutions, social life. With 250,000 inhabitants today it is still one of the most English, even one of the most Anglican, places in the world. Its cathedral and college were long ago built and endowed on the scale the founders intended.

The story of the Canterbury Settlement is a curious side-issue in Victorian history, an example on the one hand of the enthusiasm of Tractarian Oxford in the days of the Romantic Revival, on the other hand of hard efficiency in pioneering. Godley is the hero of both aspects of the story. 'I often smile', he said, 'when I think of the ideal Canterbury of which our imaginations dreamed. Yet I see nothing in the dream to regret, and I am not sure that the reality—though less showy—is not, in many respects sounder and better than the dream'.

—*Third Programme*

The Human Need of God

LORD ELTON gives the last of eight talks on 'Man without God?'

PERHAPS it will help to explain not only my own attitude but the great truths which I have to attempt, however inadequately, to convey, if I begin by saying that I could not help being startled by an invitation to take part in public controversy on religion.

'Britain is Not a Christian Country'

You may say that my reaction was old-fashioned and conventional, and there is some truth, no doubt, in that; for it is true that the expostulation 'But this is a Christian country', often heard from the startled orthodox, may become a trifle too automatic; for Britain is certainly not a Christian country, and if we did not so readily forget that fact we might think more clearly on a good many modern problems, and incidentally be more effective at converting the heathen. But there was, I think, another and better reason for my instinctive sense of recoil. It is always a little difficult for a Christian to overcome a certain sense of unreality in arguing with an unbeliever. For perhaps the most obvious argument for Christianity is the argument from experience: 'It works'. And when he hears an agnostic or an atheist suggesting that there is no God, the Christian is apt to feel much as a motorist who has been driving cars for forty years might feel if compelled to listen to a philosopher demonstrating metaphysically that the internal combustion engine is a wishful illusion of the human imagination. Countless very ordinary Christian citizens have been conscious of the overruling of their lives by God, or of an overwhelming sense of His presence, which, they would tell you, the argument of a man who has never known God can no more discredit than the arguments of a man who had never seen a car could persuade a lifelong motorist that cars do not exist—and which are wholly distinct, not merely in degree, but in kind, from the childish or psychopathic fantasies of which Mr. Rickman spoke.*

If we look a little higher in the spiritual scale, can anyone who has had the good fortune to know a genuinely holy man or woman, a genuinely dedicated Christian (and please note that I did not say respectable or pious or kind or churchgoing, but dedicated—the sort of person through whom shines a deep inward wisdom and power and serenity); can anyone who has seen conversion change the cowardly and the self-indulgent into heroes and devotees; can anyone who has studied the lives of the saints, the men and women who served the leper settlements or faced the cross, the gibbet and the rack for their faith, doubt that he is in the presence of the Spirit of God working through human lives? And please note that this is the only sort of Christian who is relevant to the present discussion. It is irrelevant to say, as some previous speakers have seemed to say in effect: 'I don't go to church and I am as good a man as Mr. Smith, who does'. The relevant question is 'Am I as good a man as the wholly dedicated Christian, the man who has surrendered his life to God?' And the answer inevitably is No.

But we ought to look even higher, to the very summit of the spiritual scale. It is remarkable, and indeed tragic, that in only two of the seven previous talks in this series has the name of Christ been so much as mentioned. For one of the basic questions underlying any such discussion must be 'What is God like?' And the answer is that God has revealed himself in Christ. The Gospels disclose the nature of God in terms of human life. And numberless ordinary folk down the ages, turning to the Bible as the word of God, have felt no more need of argument to prove His existence than they would, on a warm summer's day, to prove the existence of the sun.

I have spoken of the existence of God as proved by certain modes of direct human experience. It can be confirmed by many other modes of direct experience—for example, by that consciousness of the spiritual interpenetration of the material world which came so often to Wordsworth; as when he wrote of

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Up to a point the existence of God can be proved by metaphysical argument too. But the argument from ordinary human experience seems to me both to be more convincing and also especially to emphasise that human need of God which we are now discussing. Of course it is possible to live an outwardly prosperous and respectable life while completely forgetting God, or even refusing to acknowledge His existence, much as in cloudy weather it is possible to live in the light of day without seeing the sun, and indeed without even acknowledging that the sun exists. But life without God is always in one way or another a tragedy. The nature of that tragedy can be explored by contrasting individual lives; say, that of St. Francis of Assisi with that of Napoleon Bonaparte; but it is easier perhaps to see in the mass, in the life of the community, than in the life of the individual. For all history is evidence of it—and above all our own age. For ever since the coming of industrialism, argues the materialists, deluded by the swiftly developing power of man over nature, critical poets have been prophesying the speedy arrival of their Utopia.

At the end of the eighteenth century a famous controversialist said that the ultimate destiny of man was unimaginable perfection. Darwin committed himself to much the same assertion, so did Herbert Spencer. In his symbolically named 'Songs before Sunrise' Swinburne hymned the humanists' approaching triumph:

Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things.

It is impossible today for our over-urbanised masses dwelling precariously under the shadow of the atom bomb to believe that man is the master of things; indeed it is all too evident that the tragedy of today is precisely that things are becoming the masters of men, as they always must in a materialist civilisation. In our age of mechanised amusements, concentration camps, secret police, torture, mass murder and universal insecurity there are few more pathetic sounds than the occasional voice of the materialist hesitantly attempting to persuade himself that this is indeed the brave new world which his Victorian predecessors were so recently, and so confidently, boasting that man without God would fashion for himself. Mr. Blackham, for example, in the last talk of this series† let fall the astonishing observation that 'If, taken as a whole, what we have does not seem inexhaustibly good then we are more or less seriously ill'.

Those who Thought First of God

History presents not only the terrifying spectacle of what man without God is doing with the world but many tantalising glimpses of what, with God, he might have done. Christ sent out His disciples on their first missionary journey with the startling instructions to take no thought for money, clothes or food. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you'. Fix your eyes on heaven, and you shall gain the earth as well. The advice, as we know, worked extremely well in its immediate context; the disciples made converts and they did not starve. But for our present-day purposes what is immensely significant is that it has worked equally well throughout history. For who in fact are the men and women who have been responsible for the great, the unquestioned, social advances? Precisely those who were primarily concerned not with social advances or with this world at all but with God. The early Christians, who revolutionised the moral standards of the Roman Empire (and Nero was a fair example of what man without God can be like in supreme power); the men who built the cathedrals in the Middle Ages; Cromwell and the Puritans who saved parliamentary government; Wilberforce and the Evangelicals who ended slavery; John Wesley and his friends, to whom most of the reform movements of the nineteenth century can be traced back; Florence Nightingale, whose first aim was unity with God but who also created modern hospital nursing—because these, and many others like them, thought first and foremost of God, 'all these things' were indeed added unto them,

* THE LISTENER, December 14

† THE LISTENER, December 28

and they were permitted to make this world a better and a happier place.

History presents with equal force the negative aspect of the same tremendous lesson. For as it was Christianity which ended slavery, so, wherever Christianity disappears, slavery returns—as in Nazi Germany or Communist Russia. Mr. Blackham referred eulogistically to the 'amazing audacity of Lenin . . . driving the Russians along the road of rapid industrialisation'; he did not mention the slave labour, the concentration camps, the mass uprooting of whole populations or the mass exterminations of whole classes. The explanation of the appalling contrast is simple. For man without God the state, which, as Hitler used to boast, may last a thousand years, is infinitely more important than the citizen, whose span is threescore years and ten, and the citizen can reasonably be sacrificed by the million to the presumed interests of the long-lived and all-powerful state. For the Christian, however, it is the state whose life is brief, a mere hundred, or a mere thousand, years; whereas human beings are both Sons of God, and therefore brothers of each other, and also capable, if they accept God's offer, of eternal life. For man *with* God accordingly the potentially immortal individual is more important than the short-lived state; and the state

is not a Moloch to which men and women may be ruthlessly sacrificed, but merely the chief means of helping them to achieve their eternal well-being.

For the moment we may be said to be living on our spiritual capital. Thousands who have forgotten God still respect some of the maxims which derive from what their forebears learnt long ago from Christianity—women and children first, do not hit a man when he is down. We do not exterminate incurables who will never be able to serve the state again, as the Nazis had begun to do. But how long can we expect to live on capital? How long can the branch bear leaves when the trunk has withered? Clearly one motive for returning to God would be that so and only so can we hope to escape the terrible disasters which the attempt to dispense with Him has so often brought upon nations in the past, and is manifestly now bringing upon us. But to return for such a motive only would not be a true return. The true motive for seeking God is always the same; that man is so made that God, and what God can do to and with him, is the deepest need of his nature—as every man, even the atheist, knows in his heart of hearts.—*Home Service*

The Stephen Family

The Utilitarian Phase

VIOUS
and to

By J. M. BROWN

THE Stephens were less notable in philosophy than in law, government, and literature. But they always knew the importance of first principles, and when, in 1845, Sir James Stephen, Colonial Under-Secretary and by birth a member of the Clapham Sect, read John Stuart Mill's *System of Logic*, he wrote immediately to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, expressing his hope that the best possible reviewer might be found for this book. For, he said, though its implications attacked the base of his own most cherished convictions, it was one of the most remarkable productions of the century.

Within a few years, two of Sir James' sons, Fitzjames and his younger brother Leslie, had grown up, had read Mill's *Logic*, and sat, with other young men, at Mill's feet—or would have done so had Mill's feet carried him oftener into society. One consequence was that they ceased in time to believe in God as their father had done. The general result was their adherence to utilitarianism, from which, I think, they never afterward wholly detached themselves. It might indeed be held that such an adherence had been potential in the Stephen tradition, and that its realisation had only delayed for an influence like Mill's. On the other hand, as a simple consequence of that delay, the first utilitarian Stephens were also the last. The stream was approaching its delta; and Fitzjames and Leslie, by their ultimate modifications of the utilitarian tradition and by their divergence from each other, illustrate the event. Their case is indeed only one of the illustrations; but, since they were brothers, it has a special interest.

With what, however, did they originally connect themselves? It can only be called a movement. For the whole movement, as distinct from some of its phases, we can find no better name than that of the moral principle to which it subscribed, the proposition that the right act is that which produces the greatest happiness; but if we therefore call the movement 'utilitarianism', we had better distinguish the moral theory as 'moral utilitarianism'. And words must not persuade us that utilitarianism, the movement, consisted in some direct application of moral utilitarianism. It was indeed the spirit of the utilitarians, in aiming at systematic improvement, that the test of all improvement is the actual result; and moral utilitarianism had the air of being the ultimate formula for this attitude. But systematic application of the formula would have required some science of the effect of institutions on happiness; and there was no such science, except perhaps political economy, which the movement indeed revered, but which does not cover enough ground. So the junction between moral utilitarianism and the programme depended on making plausible assumptions. Administrative and legal utilitarianism made the assumption that efficiency or rationality in institutions must promote happiness. Economic utilitarianism, though guided in detail by a science, rested on the assumption that increased wealth is increased happiness. And there was also a 'political'

utilitarianism which no equally plausible assumption linked with moral utilitarianism, and which, more than other aspects of the movement, illustrates how much in the programme was inspired by leaders and circumstances and then speciously squared with the moral principle. But the movement did not in any case consist simply in a programme linked with a moral doctrine. It desired the improvement not only of institutions but also of all relevant theory; and though it never developed the science it really required, it did develop, not only an economics, but a jurisprudence and a psychology. And, lastly, it strove to integrate all its elements by means of an empirical philosophy, which, however, could hardly create more than a logic.

So the tradition, which by this time had become one form of intellectual liberalism, was complex, and different men might attach themselves to it at different points. That had always been possible: it was now becoming important. But consider the young Stephens. Leslie, the young don at Cambridge, is the complete utilitarian, school of Mill; but scarcely so Fitzjames, the young lawyer in London. Both accept moral utilitarianism, empirical philosophy, Mill's logic, and the notion of improving things. But Leslie warms to economics, to which Fitzjames is only respectful. Leslie finds religion easier to leave than Fitzjames does, Leslie accepts political utilitarianism and is democratic in the limited sense in which Mill is democratic; but Fitzjames is less interested in parliament—he is the administrative utilitarian, who will improve things by codifying according to Bentham and applying Mill's logic to the law of evidence. Leslie is interested by Darwin and Fitzjames is not. Leslie, like Mill, concerns himself with Comtism, which Fitzjames will dismiss as 'popery conducted upon atheistical principles'. Both begin as utilitarians and Liberals, but even at the start there is a difference, and it partly explains the later difference.

Still, they were alike in that both changed. Leslie's case is the simpler. In 1867 he contributed his hopeful democratic views to the Liberal publication *Essays on Reform* and for years was much disturbed by his brother's political development. But events gradually perplexed him. Government had been democratised, yet no party now supported the old Liberal programme. Leslie did not complain often or loudly; he had many other interests; he merely ceased to be political. We may see in him the final humanisation of utilitarianism; but we also see the tradition losing its practical force. His two chief contributions to its literature are appropriate. In *The English Utilitarians*, which has recently been reprinted, he wrote a critical history of the principles for which to the end of his life he retained his affection; and he made of this a book which, with all its defects, is still very useful as well as wonderfully pleasant to read. In *The Science of Ethics* he modernised and, I think, significantly debilitated the old moral theory.

The utilitarians had based the proposition that men ought to aim at nothing but the greatest total happiness upon the supposed psycho-

logical truth that no man can ever aim at anything but his own greatest happiness. This was ramshackle; but it passed as an application of the principle that a moral criterion must be based upon fact, a principle to which the utilitarians were led by their empiricism and their desire for an 'agreed' ethics. It is an obscure principle, but Leslie Stephen accepted it, though he saw that the old way of applying it would not do. He was one of those who later in the century saw in evolution a sounder but still an 'empirical' basis for utilitarian ethics.

The writing of *The Science of Ethics* interested him greatly and I fear he made it too long. At first the argument follows a course long since become familiar. The human tendency to have a certain kind of approbatory feeling about certain dispositions of character, such as benevolence or courage, is wholly attributed to a process of selection; and it is finally concluded that the 'scientific' test of virtue is tendency to preserve the social tissue on which man's biological success depends. This theory implies, I think, that a man who bestows moral approval upon behaviour which weakens the social tissues commits no sort of intellectual error, but is, simply, the sort of man who will naturally die out. But Leslie ignores this difficulty and claims to have supported the old utilitarian test of rightness—which, he now argues, must ultimately have the same result as his social utility test. For selection ensures that the sorts of men who survive are the sorts of men who are disposed toward life-preserving behaviour, and although internally men are moved only by pleasure, their own and that of others, this only means that the species must forever tend to be a species that finds its greatest pleasure in what also preserves the social tissue. Well, it is involved and indecisive; and what is the upshot? Are we to aim at realising our present notions of happiness, or at strengthening the social tissue; or will selection look after everything? Leslie remains vague; but the vagueness, and the consequent vagueness of the political and social implications are, perhaps, when we compare it with Bentham, just the point.

Tracing the Spark

If Leslie, as a utilitarian, grows vague, his interesting brother may seem to explode; but, as I have hinted, we may trace the spark along the fuse. The writer of one article in the *Essays on Reform*, already mentioned, attacked what he called 'the utilitarian argument against reform, as stated by Mr. Lowe', and attributed this utilitarian anti-reformism to 'those who exalt administration into the highest function of government'. Five years before this, Fitzjames Stephen, in defining true liberalism as generosity of sentiment upon political subjects, guided by intellect, hoped that the new voters would be true liberals, and added that, if they should not be, the association of 'liberalism' with 'democracy' would have brought about a permanent degradation of human life. In 1869, at the age of forty, Fitzjames went as Legal Member to India. He found that much could be done there, and that this was largely because, as he put it, everyone there was a man under authority, having others under him.

On the voyage home in 1872 he began to write *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. It is a book with a deep and roaring sound; and as a general attack upon the revolutionary, or, as Fitzjames also calls them, the democratic ideals, it contains many things; but the main things are the assault upon John Mill and the positions to which this assault finally carries Fitzjames himself. Fitzjames represents Mill as a utilitarian who has become an academic fellow-traveller of the Revolution. So he undertakes, not exactly to convict Mill of 'revisionism'—though he regards Mill's *temperament* as revisionist—but to show that one may be a utilitarian, and even admire Mill's own development of utilitarian philosophy and economics, without accepting Mill's political and social teaching. But the final tendency of the argument is to drive a wedge between the politics of the whole utilitarian movement and the rest of that movement. It is notable that Fitzjames should, with hardly any discussion of the point, assume a greater difference than in fact exists between Mill's politics and the politics of his father and the later Bentham.

Still, Fitzjames had found the point of weakness. Whatever utilitarian logic and economics implied politically, it was nothing democratic. The moral principle directly implied opposition to natural rights and prescription; but what more? This moral principle, as I have said, could be connected far more plausibly with legal and administrative reform than with democracy. Indeed, the political utilitarians had been therefore tempted into short cuts to which they were not entitled; and part of Fitzjames' method is to expose some of these illegitimacies: for example, Mill's argument that, since moral utilitarianism must

value a quantity of happiness in one man equally with the same quantity of happiness in another, it somehow directly implies the ideal of equality: or the Benthamist argument that since an added unit of happiness must be worth more to the less happy than to the more happy, the maximisation of happiness requires its equalisation. Fitzjames saw that this sort of thing will not do. Still less will it do for Mill to say that it is *always* wrong to suppress discussion, because to do so is to assume one's own infallibility. That, as Fitzjames declares, is neither true nor utilitarian.

Although this kind of criticism is correct, it is negative. Fitzjames' positive line is, and must be, to take the ideals and institutions favoured by the orthodox political utilitarianism, and set against its estimate of their consequences his own estimate. This is what he does, and does very well, when he examines British government at home, and argues that it is and must be inefficient and slow, simply because it is parliamentary: when he declares that to preach human brotherhood is to encourage a nauseating sentimentality: when, against Mill's belief that to suppress criticism of an orthodoxy is to sap the vitality of the orthodoxy itself, he sets his own view that unlimited freedom of discussion leads to mere scepticism: or when, against Mill's notion that liberty fosters originality, he holds that originality is fostered rather by restriction and limitation.

Opinions like these, agree with them or not, have never been more forcibly expressed than by Fitzjames Stephen. But he cannot, any more than those whom he criticises, resist short cuts. Against political equality, for example, he argues that it is really impossible. You may in appearance subdivide political power by giving people votes, but this only means that power goes to the people who can sweep into their basket the greatest number of these bits of power—*somebody* must govern, and those who govern *ex hypothesi* have more power than those who do not. This argument proves, I think, not that political equality is impossible but that it does not mean an equal division of power. Again, in discussing Mill's essay on 'The Subjection of Women'—a task which he loathes because, as he mutters angrily in a passage one would like to have seen quoted by his niece Virginia Woolf in *Three Guineas*, it is almost an indecorum to discuss the characteristics of women—he tries to prove deductively that it must be inexpedient to confer social equality upon those who are unequal in capacity, as women, in his view, are unequal to men. The argument breaks down lamentably.

But a notable example of Fitzjames' own tendency to break away from moral utilitarianism is his attack upon Mill's famous general principle, that it is wrong to coerce a man except to prevent his harming others. This attack has been thought the most successful part of the book; but in fact, on utilitarian grounds, the case for Mill's principle, though Mill mishandles it, is excellent, indeed amounts to demonstration. I may add that Mill's principle has very little to do with the ideal of liberty, or with the rest of Mill's essay. Fitzjames was unwise to attack it. Pages of brilliance about liberty being Mr. Mill's Brahmin bull, and Mr. Mill's liberty patronising vice on the flags of the Hay-market boil down to this: Mill is wrong because, the actual morality of a community being an indivisible whole, all acts, which according to that morality are wrong, are more or less of a threat to the maintenance of the whole morality; they can never be overlooked and, if it be inexpedient to repress them by criminal law, they are at least always rightly discouraged by social intolerance. Fitzjames makes this sound utilitarian, but it is not, unless the morality of the community itself be utilitarian, a condition which Fitzjames clearly does not make, and which if made leads straight back to Mill's principle.

Fitzjames Stephen on Liberty of Opinion

Or again, consider Fitzjames on liberty of opinion. He prepares the ground by suggesting that true opinions are of paramount utility, that it may be possible to promote their acceptance by coercive means of a sort whose evil will not outweigh the good represented by their acceptance, and that governments therefore, if they consider certain opinions true, are justified in promoting their acceptance by these coercive means. Ominous as the proposition is, it is still hypothetical, and I think a utilitarian must swallow it. But he does not remain hypothetical. Within a few paragraphs we are reading that the modern device, by which the state treats all religions as equally true or false, is only a temporary solution of a problem; that it cuts human life in two, degrading the state to a policeman and the churches to schools of philosophy; and, in short, that it cannot, should not, and will not

(continued on page 22)

NEWS DIARY

December 27-January 2

Wednesday, December 27

French National Assembly debates rearmament Bill

President Truman nominates Mr. Stanton Griffis as U.S. Ambassador to Spain

Australia wins second Test Match by 28 runs

Thursday, December 28

Peking Government announces that it is taking control of all U.S. assets in China and is freezing U.S. banking accounts

Search for Coronation Stone continues

Agreement signed between India and United States granting India help worth £350,000 under President Truman's plan for under-developed areas

Friday, December 29

Chancellor of the Exchequer describes 1950 as a year of outstanding economic progress for Great Britain

Mr. Foster Dulles, Republican Adviser to U.S. State Department, warns of dangers of isolationist policy and emphasises need for strength to counter-attack aggression

Saturday, December 30

United Nations aircraft make heavy attacks on Communist troop concentrations in Korea

Treasury returns for first nine months of financial year shows surplus of £66,500,000

Heavy snow causes cancellation of many sporting events

Sunday, December 31

H.M. the King broadcasts to people of Australia to mark the Dominion's Jubilee as a Commonwealth

French Assembly adopts new rearmament budget

Mr. Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, in a reaffirmation of policy for 1951, says that America 'must remain true to its tradition of standing by its friends'

Monday, January 1

Communist forces launch general offensive in Korea. One column penetrates to within 20 miles from Seoul

Russia replies to Western Powers' Note about conference

Snowstorms disrupt traffic in many parts of Great Britain

Tuesday, January 2

Moscow radio broadcasts text of Russian reply to Note from Western Powers agreeing to a preliminary conference, but asks that it shall not be held in New York

Communist forces make deep salient in United Nations' front in Korea

Chiefs of Staff attend Cabinet meeting



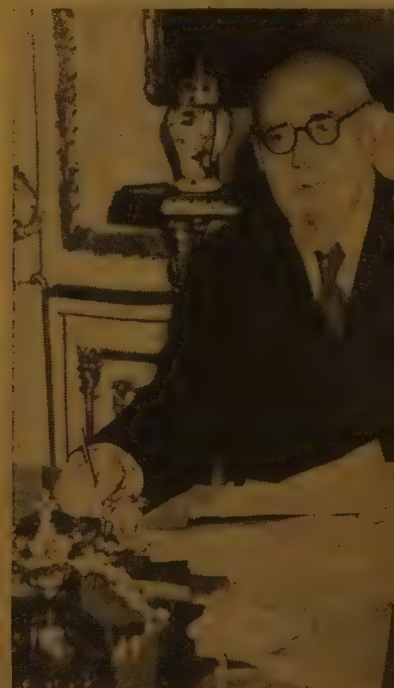
Mr. D. S. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon (right), photographed on his arrival at Northolt Airport on Sunday for the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers which opens at No. 10 Downing Street today. With him is Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, the Ceylon High Commissioner in London.



Part of the crowd that gathered in Piccadilly Circus in spite of rain and sleet to greet the New Year. At St. Paul's Cathedral several thousand people attended a watch-night service



1951 is the Jubilee Year of the Australian Commonwealth Day, January 1, was celebrated in capitals by church services and open-air drawing, from the 'Illustrated London News'. Hopetoun had been sworn in as first Governor-General. Jubilee celebrations will culminate with the opening of Parliament in Canberra on March 1.



Dr. Karl Renner, who died on December 18, was the first Chancellor of the second Austrian Republic when it was founded in 1918 and the first Chancellor of the second Austrian Republic when it was founded in 1945. For forty years he was one of the leading Social Democrats in Central Europe. He was approved of the 'Anschluss' he was put in charge of the German camp by the Nazis. Later he showed the way to the new Germany of Russia.

Right: a photograph released this week showing the jet night-fighter, the De Havilland Vampire, in flight.



One of the photographs received in London last week of the evacuation of the United States X Corps from the Hungnam bridgehead, north-east Korea: troops are seen wading out to landing craft. The operation, which involved the withdrawal by sea of over 105,000 troops, 17,500 vehicles and over 200,000 tons of equipment, was completed in eleven days



Professor E. N. da C. Andrade giving the first of the 121st series of Christmas lectures to children at the Royal Institution, London, on December 28. The subject is 'Waves and Vibrations'



Heavy snow has continued to fall in many parts of Britain since Christmas; a view across the Mawddach estuary, near Barmouth, towards the Llwllech Range



Left: the search for the Coronation Stone which was stolen from Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day was continued in the early part of this week without success. The photograph shows the Coronation Chair with the Stone in place

(continued from page 19)

last. Now I pass over the prophecy, and ask only whether experience or history, on which Fitzjames ought to rely, at all suggest that the consequences of what he calls the modern device of tolerance are really worse than the consequences of the alternative devices. And while I hesitate to say that there was any real confusion in his mind, it is observable that he supports his conclusion by insisting that all governments must necessarily have opinions they consider true, and ought therefore to act upon them, and I fear he tries to make us think that it follows deductively that governments ought to enforce their opinions.

In short, if Mill's political opinions strain his utilitarianism, Fitzjames' political opinions equally strain his. The fact appears most clearly in his attack upon the ideal of fraternity. 'Thy sins', Mr. Swinburne had said, addressing France, 'which are many, are forgiven thee, because thou hast loved much'. Fitzjames replies, 'The French way of loving the human race is the one of their many sins which it is most difficult to forgive'. It is excellent, but it does not quite settle fraternity's hash. Fraternity, doubtless, means that we should promote the happiness of men indiscriminately. Utilitarianism requires us to aim at the greatest happiness, no matter whose. The resemblance is at least alarming, and Fitzjames resorts to the psychology of his tradition. No man can seek the pleasure of others beyond the few so related to him that their pleasure gives him pleasure. No man can aim at 'the greatest happiness, no matter whose'. Fraternity and utilitarianism are blasted together. But, says Fitzjames, the case is different if there be a future state and an omnipotent God; and he seems for a page to revert to Paley. Had he stayed at this, his view would be simply that fraternity must be founded not on the religion of humanity, but on God. But he proceeds to something different. If there is a God, His will must be judged from His universe, and, so judged, God, if He exists, is not purely benevolent, is not disposed to promote the happiness of mankind absolutely. That, according to Fitzjames, is why 'the revolutionary form of modern humanitarianism' has held that God either does not exist, or is immoral. It has presumed, that is, to distinguish between what is right and what is God's will, when the truth is, rather, that if there is an omnipotent God then, whatever He wills, the only honest and manly course is to obey. There is no kicking against the pricks.

This may echo Hobbes; at least it is not Paley; but again it blasts fraternity and utilitarianism together. But there is evidence in Fitzjames of a third view, which, though I am not certain, may be his

real view. He at one point observes that although no test of rightness can ever be accepted except the production of happiness, this test supposes agreement as to what happiness consists in, and the task of the legislator and the moralist is not only to find the ways to happiness, but also to impose on a community their own idea of happiness. I think, on the whole, he sees God, as a legislator, in this light. The notion was never really worked out, but I think that if it were worked out its relation to utilitarianism would be in some ways very like the relation to utilitarianism of his brother's doctrine. Religiously, they differ. Leslie, the so-called agnostic, elaborates a moral doctrine which only atheism could accept; but Fitzjames is an agnostic, for he does not assert that there is a God, but only that there may be, and that morality depends absolutely upon acting as if there were. Nevertheless, what both say in the end is that what is right depends on what promotes happiness, but not on what promotes happiness according to our present ideas of happiness. There they stop, for Leslie does not know what natural selection will do, and Fitzjames, without presuming already to know what is right, cannot know what God wills. From the innovative confidence of Bentham we have come a long way.

Fitzjames, indeed, made his qualifications. Parliament was after all unavoidable—you must, for practical reasons, procure the consent of the governed to their Government. And liberty of opinion was after all the right thing, in the sense that most people are too stupid to be allowed to condemn other people's opinions. And a state church, he said in the second edition, was not what he meant. Perhaps he had said a little more than he meant, being able to say more than he meant so well. Still, the tendency was clear. In 1881, Lord Beaconsfield wrote to Lord Lytton: 'It is a thousand pities that J. F. Stephen is a judge: he might have done anything and everything as leader of the future Conservative Party'. Fitzjames' book had not expressed, nor did he ever excogitate, a truly conservative philosophy. His case, however, is far from unique. He represented one type of those intellectual Liberals who, in the later nineteenth century, deserted political liberalism. His contemporary, Henry Sidgwick, that last great utilitarian, was one day to write in his journal: 'Yesterday I voted for the Tory candidate'. But the rather different case of Leslie, the evolutionist and literary man, retiring perplexed from the centre of public affairs, but, so to speak, not shutting his door—in short, the head of a different branch of the family, to become still more different: this is not unique either. The story goes beyond these brothers and the question goes beyond ideas.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'The Critics' and Mr. Pasmore

Sir,—In last Sunday's broadcast 'The Critics' were supposed to discuss the exhibition of more or less 'abstract' paintings which Victor Pasmore is now holding at the Redfern Gallery. When it came to it, the speakers whose subjects were 'theatre' and 'radio' had no shame in declaring themselves at a loss for any intelligent reaction whatever when confronted by Mr. Pasmore's canvases: and they succeeded in suggesting that, for them, all abstract art was equally unworthy of serious consideration on the part of normally cultivated and articulate spectators.

This is not the first time that speakers in this programme have boasted an indifference towards and ignorance of, the kind of painting or sculpture some specimen of which was supposedly under review. Such examples illustrate a phenomenon which friends from abroad find it hard to believe when we mention it—namely, that it is no matter of concern to the sensitive, well-educated Englishman that he should be found lacking in any knowledge of—or concern for—the contemporary visual arts.

If the art critic, in last Sunday's programme, were as far behind the times in his acquaint-

ance with the theatre and the cinema as his colleagues, the theatre and film critics, were in their awareness of contemporary art, he would not yet have seen his first talkie or anything written by Bernard Shaw since 1906—when Cubism was born. As it was, this art critic—Mr. Denis Mathews—battled patiently (and with an admirably simple vocabulary) to no effect, so far as most of the other critics were concerned. They merely revealed to the millions listening that Mr. Mathews' explanations meant as little to them as the paintings in question.

Yours, etc.,

Welwyn Garden City PATRICK HERON

Nature and Art

Sir,—Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A., proposes a debate on what is 'beautiful'. There would be little sense in debating that with a Royal Academician. If the white marble Lady Godiva which dominated the sculpture gallery at the last Royal Academy exhibition is beautiful, then I do not like beauty. I prefer the ugly, such as we find in Henry Moore's head reproduced in THE LISTENER last November, or let us say Epstein's head of Einstein.

I will not discuss beauty: but it was a happy

thought of Mr. Lawrence to mention the contemporary theatre. His definition of *art* is the trouble taken by an actor or an actress to make us believe that we are looking at a scene in real life. That is not how I would define it. It does not seem to occur to Mr. Lawrence that the type of play in which an actor is obliged to do this is not the only type of play. The so-called 'realistic' theatre of Ibsen, Shaw and Priestley, useful as it is in providing moral instruction, or comedy of no artistic pretensions, is anything but an example of a high art form. However much, as ardent feminists, we may approve of 'The Doll's House', as artists we should prefer a play by Racine. The theatre of Ibsen identified itself with nature in the way intended by me when I made use of those words. And in deploring the triumph of that type of theatre, I should not be advocating the banishing from the stage of everything remotely resembling what is human. I am not particularly pro-abstract.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

WYNDHAM LEWIS

Sir,—Absence in the U.S. has prevented me from replying till now to Mr. Wyndham Lewis' answer to my letter. He is mistaken in thinking

I meant to convict him of anything. I merely asked him to explain his meaning more clearly—How indeed could anyone suppose that the Oxford Dictionary, in defining 'platitude' as 'flatness, dullness', etc., meant physical flatness?

As to the second and third dimensions, Messrs. Evleigh and Roberts of the Slade School of Fine Arts have already answered Mr. Lewis in THE LISTENER of December 21, much more clearly and succinctly than I could have done. I would nevertheless like to expand briefly what they say about Mr. Lewis' view on nature and art.

The Greeks of antiquity, Mr. Lewis says, fastened on Europe 'for 2,000 years a theory of art, which is radically mistaken': the Greek theory being, it seems, that the artist must 'identify' art with nature. This mistake has of recent years now been for the first time discovered. All have been out of step except our Johnny. Now all is different and presumably all competent artists now paint and sculpture better than any of the masters of the past 2,000 years. This is certainly 'saying a mouthful'.

I am no art critic, but I should like to ask whether any great artist has ever 'identified' art with nature. Surely, as Mr. Speed says, each illumines nature and gives it a different character according to his own genius. Consider the long line of painters portrayed in Sir Kenneth Clark's most interesting book *Landscape into Art*, all of them differing in their interpretation of nature, and each interpretation having a beauty and fascination of its own.

Nature, in the context we are discussing, means, I take it, all that we see and apprehend with our five senses (except what is absolutely man-made as for instance a great city). If artists were to turn their backs on all this—they could not in fact—with what could they replace it, beyond purely geometrical designs? Their own dreams? What they can conjure out of their own brains and imagination? But both dreams and imagination must inevitably be contaminated by nature known through their senses. They can of course be sure of not 'identifying' their art with nature, if they take care deliberately to distort nature. But will that lead to great art?

It is sometimes said that all of us, artists included, cannot but lose faith in and love of nature, as it is now revealed to us by science. We know now, it is said, that the lovely scenes before us are not 'real' but merely masses, cells, atoms, electrons. Nature is now, moreover, too immense; man is dwarfed by it; it is too indifferent to man, too frightening.

All this seems to me mistaken. Do young men cease to love their girls, because in 'reality' they are only electrons? Lord Keynes in his memoir of the young Cambridge philosopher, Kenneth Ramsay, quotes him as saying: 'I don't feel the least humble before the vastness of the heavens. The stars may be large, but they cannot think or love; and these are qualities which impress me far more than size does. I take no credit for weighing nearly seventeen stone. Modern Nature is, it is true, not simply the gentle nature of Wordsworth. Yet it is sufficiently a home for human beings and other living things for life on this planet to have lasted for 1,000,000,000 years. Science has revealed nature as infinitely more thrilling, wonderful and mysterious than we knew, and man's achievement in evolving into the sole conscious witness of it the more astonishing. 'Religion', wrote Professor Whitehead, 'begins with wonder'. May not this also be true of art?—Yours, etc.,

Rugby

BRAND

Man without God?

Sir,—In his talk in the series 'Man without God', the Rev. J. Leycester King refers to recent investigations which show that 'from about ten to twenty-five per cent. of the indus-

trial population of this country are suffering from psychological troubles which disadvantage them to a more than trivial extent in their health, happiness and efficiency'. He goes on to argue that 'these are the psychological signs of a sick society', and that the cause of the sickness is 'the deadly insecurity of a generation which has lost its God'.

Father Leycester King may be right in his diagnosis, but his argument involves an enormous unproved assumption—namely, that the incidence of neurosis is higher now than it was in the days when belief in God was more prevalent. As no earlier figures are available, the assumption can be neither proved nor disproved; but such anecdotal evidence as can be obtained from, e.g., Victorian biographies and letters, suggest that 'psychological troubles' were far from rare in those God-fearing generations.

As further evidence of the sickness of modern society, Father Leycester King points to the 'notable increase in the so-called psychosomatic diseases'. But this increase may well be due largely, if not wholly, to improved diagnosis. Recognition of the part played by psychological factors in causing physical illness is a comparatively recent development; and fifty years ago, most of the conditions now diagnosed as psychosomatic would have been regarded as purely physical in origin.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

MARGARET KNIGHT

'The Threshold of Great Things'

Sir,—I listened with keen interest to the Rev. C. H. Dodd's four sermons on 'The Coming of Christ' and was glad to study them at leisure in your pages, but many will regret with me, that the fundamental fact of this great subject was evaded. In a fine passage in his third sermon Dr. Dodd emphasised that the coming of Christ was 'a piece of real history, history made out of the same stuff as the history we know', but he makes no reference to the corollary and consummation of this historic fact as clearly taught in the New Testament: 'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven' (Acts i, 11). Here is a Divine promise that the risen Lord Himself in person will return literally to this earth in the actual bodily form the Apostles knew. It is in that sense that the Seer in the Book of Revelation exclaims, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus'.

This personal Second Coming is always associated in the Scriptures with an unprecedentedly desperate plight of the human race which is truly descriptive of the chaos of our times—as Daniel puts it, 'There shall be a time of trouble such as never was'. In our world today there is little confidence among men that men, unaided, can put things right. In his addresses Dr. Dodd faced this fact in the light of Christianity, as he so eloquently declared, 'When Christ came into the world 1,950 years ago, something quite new entered history, from beyond the frontier of human existence, and the whole outlook for mankind was in this world permanently altered. It put history into a new gear'. Because of that Dr. Dodd went on to state that 'it is an open possibility' that in our time the power from beyond the frontier will intervene again. Surely, it is more than 'an open possibility'. It is a definite matter of clear Divine revelation. A personal Second Coming of Jesus of Nazareth 'in like manner' as He went is to be just as new an entrance into history as the first coming. Once again He will put history 'into a new gear' with the result: 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever'. The whole outlook for mankind in this world will be altered again: 'Behold, I create all things new'.

Here. It is this central feature of the Gospel that convinces many that we are indeed on 'the threshold of great things'.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

EDGAR E. TAYLOR

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—While deeply admiring Professor Young's Reith Lectures, I cannot help feeling that in his last lecture he went too far. He tries to show that 'we can say everything we want to say quite well without speaking all the time as if we were inhabited by this spirit called mind'; and retorts to the statement 'I have consciousness and I may lose it when I bang my head', by saying, 'What you meant to tell me was that following some particular blow on the head you were unable to act as an observer or transmitter for ten minutes. . . . If [consciousness] is a thing in the ordinary sense it could be observable directly like any object'.

Surely the Professor is making the mistake made by many scientists whose work is inevitably concerned with the examination of objects and phenomena in the world around them. Their minds are always groping outwards and they tend to forget the source from which that groping started. They forget, in fact, that every thing observed demands an observer. There are indeed two distinct kinds of reality, which could be called subjective and objective, or active and passive. The scientist in his work is concerned only with the objective and passive form. But there is always the reality of the observer as well as of the thing observed, and it is a 'higher' or at least a 'more immediate' form of reality. . . . The room in which I sit, Professor Young's lectures, and indeed all the outside world and my own past experience, are to me primarily imprints on my consciousness. In speaking of 'the past' even, it would be more accurate to say 'memory' and of the future 'expectation'. The existence now of my mind (whatever that may mean) is the one fact of which I am certain. Compared to this reality of the subject, the reality of the object—of the outside world, of time, of my own brain even as a material entity—is important certainly, but secondary. I am infinitely less certain of it. While we can 'recognise the multiplicity of ourselves', there is still, in spite of Professor Young, 'a semi-thing—the mind' and it is supremely and uniquely important.—Yours, etc.,

Hexham

B. C. R. NICHOLL

The Study of the Mind

Sir,—Dr. Burns disagrees with the roles that Mr. Rodger and I have assigned to psychiatrists and psychologists in the study of young delinquents. Both the letter from the Secretary of the British Psychological Society and my own earlier talk on the subject 'amount', so he feels, 'to saying: "Medical men keep out"'. That was certainly, not my own intention, nor, I think, was it Mr. Rodger's. The moral rather was: 'Put the psychologist back in'.

Dr. Burns apparently agrees that delinquency as such is not a specific form of mental illness, as was formerly supposed. But in that case, it is not easy to see why the psychological reports must be 'signed by a psychiatrist' instead of by a psychologist. The reason he gives is that, though delinquency is not itself an actual illness, it is nevertheless a result of '(a) deviations from the normal, and (b) conditions intimately tied up with heredity, temperament, and physique'; and a knowledge of such things, he says, requires a 'medical training'. But why? The study of heredity is a branch of biology, not of medicine; the study of temperament is a branch of psychology; and the study of physique (i.e., the normal structure and functions of the body) is the task of the anatomist and the physiologist.

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Certainly, all illnesses are 'deviations from the normal'; but that does not prove that all deviations from the normal are illnesses. As 'V.H.M.' observes, 'if mental diseases are but exaggerations of the tendencies we all show', it would be difficult to draw 'a boundary line between the provinces of the psychologist and psychiatrist'. But a disease is not a mere exaggeration, though its symptoms may be. There is a vast difference between a hot cheek and a raised temperature produced by running a race on a warm day and a hot cheek and a raised temperature produced by tuberculosis or scarlet fever. Dr. Burns says that I must 'know well enough that the dividing line between normal and abnormal' (my word was 'pathological') 'is purely arbitrary'. The dividing line may often be blurred or obscure; but, except where the obscurity results from lack of knowledge, it is surely not 'arbitrary'. Would Dr. Burns allow us to apply his argument in the opposite direction? Would he tell his patients: 'the borderline between a normal stomach and carcinoma of the stomach is purely arbitrary; so why call in a highly paid specialist?' Or would he assure his local authority that 'mental diseases are merely exaggerations of normal tendencies; so why not save the expense by putting psychologists in charge of mental hospitals?'

He goes on to ask why I mentioned 'the medical beliefs of generations ago'. The answer is obvious: it was because they are still held by so many medical writers. 'Why not mention Freud, Healy, and Kretschmer?' Because Kretschmer's views have not been substantiated; Freud's work was on psychoneurosis rather than on delinquency; and Healy is a psychologist as well as a doctor. Above all, not one of them was a British writer, or was familiar with conditions in this country. And may I in turn inquire why Dr. Burns does not mention British psychiatrists, if there were at that date any medical investigators over here working on the same lines as Healy and other psychologists?

Let me add that I did not for one moment wish to 'decry psychiatry'. The views I was criticising are after all shared only by a small number of psychiatrists, though, as Dr. Burns implies, they have perhaps been the most vocal. So far from declaring that medical men should 'keep out', my talk stated quite clearly that certain types of delinquency 'should be referred to a medical practitioner'. If the psychiatrist has also had an adequate training in psychology (which very few can claim), no combination could be better. If not, then all we ask is that the medical man with nothing but a medical training should keep solely to medical problems; and similarly, of course, for the psychologist. Indeed, Dr. Burns virtually concedes our whole case when he speaks of 'a medical training plus a knowledge of psychology, sociology, etc.'. Provided 'knowledge' covers practical training as well as reading books, then he and I are after all in agreement.

The objections raised by Mr. Brereton and Dr. Ingham in their further letters are at once too numerous and too technical to be discussed here. I will only ask one question in reply. Mr. Brereton considers that the psychologist's 'use of I.Q.s may retard the development of a fuller knowledge of human beings'; and Dr. Ingham declares that 'mental testing is one of the methods whereby children are denied educational facilities they might otherwise enjoy'. These are grave charges to bring in the face of so much evidence to the contrary. If Mr. Brereton and Dr. Ingham have any objective data of their own by which to support those statements, how is it they have never submitted it for publication to any of the scientific journals, where it could be examined in detail on its merits?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

CYRIL BURT

The Marxist View of Liberty

Sir,—Alex Comfort offers us a new theory of social change, which, if I understand it correctly, runs like this:

(i) The determining factor in a society is its state of 'mental health'.

(ii) The political structure of the society is a reflection of this.

(iii) The number of 'power-centred individuals, with a compulsion to govern', with however 'the smallest capacity for spontaneous self-discipline', is another reflection of the same thing.

(iv) The power-centred individuals, if any, in a community, make the centralised state apparatus, if any, into an instrument for their objectives.

(v) A society with power-centred individuals is sick, but it can be cured by 'educational, sexual and psychiatric reorientation'. This is the path to human liberty, since, he asserts, the degree of liberty in a given culture depends on which personality type expresses itself in the institutions of that culture.

I hope I have not misrepresented him in this condensed form. On these I would remark as follows. To take mental health in a community as a social determinant, assuming that such an entity can be isolated scientifically for study, is to say nothing more than that only those features in the community that are in some sense causally linked with it, fall within our field of study. It remains to be seen whether these are socially significant. To assert as in (ii) that the political structure is a reflection of mental health is meaningless unless the particular aspects of the political structure are detailed. Two-chamber government? The ballot-box? Two-party system? Does the phrase 'power-centred individuals with a compulsion to govern' mean anything more than that in any given society certain people are interested in politics and are prepared to undertake political tasks? Would Alex Comfort say that teachers are also power-centred with a compulsion to dominate children, and how would he describe psychiatrists on this basis? What evidence is there that such people, quite a large section of the community, have the 'smallest' capacity for spontaneous self-discipline?

Again (v) is surely a confusion between the motivation of the individual and the function of the state apparatus. Engine drivers make their engines into an instrument for their own objectives, viz. earning their livelihood, but this does not mean that we have no railway organised for a different social purpose that transcends the individual engine-driver or politician. Suppose we have a mentally healthy community, does this mean that vested interests, wages struggles, etc., would automatically disappear and politics would become 'clean'? I have heard this kind of view expressed by evangelists but not so far by psychiatrists. At any rate whether it is evangelism or psychiatry time is running short, and everyone is agreed that only political or economic action can save the world from becoming an international Korea. This is surely a matter of political, not sex, urgency, and any theory that diverts us from its urgent solution is an unconscious evasion of immediate realities.

Surely Alex Comfort agrees with this, and if so would he not also agree with the marxist conclusion that his own theory is, in the present political and economic emergency, evidence of a derivative state of social and mental ill-health?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

H. LEVY

Crisis in the Far East

Sir,—Is not Mr. Vernon Bartlett aware that more than a year before the North Korean army marched into South Korea Chiang Kai-shek and his associates, after being rejected by the Chinese people, took refuge in Formosa and were then supplied with money by America which enabled

them to blockade the coast of China and bomb Shanghai? What is the difference between North Korea and the refugee government in Formosa? Why was one declared an aggressor and the other placed under the protection of the American navy?

The Chinese attacked and drove away a United Nations army which was marching on the Yalu river. Is not Mr. Bartlett aware (1) that this army was commanded by an American general whose avowed object was to carry the war into China and restore Chiang Kai-shek to power in Peking; (2) that, under the pressure of domestic politics, this general's policy may, even now, at any moment become the policy of the United States Government? Mr. Bartlett believes that the Chinese were guilty of aggression. Is that because aggression is not aggression when committed against a communist but becomes aggression when the communist hits back?

Incidentally, the outbreak of fighting in Korea on June 25 was not so unexpected as Mr. Bartlett supposes. Unfortunately the full story has never been reported in our press.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

J. T. PRATT

The Stephen Family

Sir,—Professor W. L. Burn, in his opening survey of the Stephen family, contrives strangely to omit any mention of one member of the family who—to me, at least, and perhaps to some others—was the most interesting of the lot. I mean J. K. Stephen (1859-1892), the second son of Fitzjames Stephen, the judge. While other members of the family attempted big things with more or less success, here was a young man who achieved delightful little things to perfection. It is probable that, if he had lived, 'J.K.S.' would not have written much more of the light verse that gave him his permanent place in a characteristically English tradition, but his all-round gifts—especially as a speaker—were so outstanding that he might have gone still further in other directions. As Mr. Desmond MacCarthy once wrote, there was an imposing largeness (physical and mental) about 'J.K.S.' which suggested that he 'would have spanned an octave of changing notes in taste and intellectual distinction'. Certainly no discussion of the Stephen family could be complete without due consideration of this legendary Eton and Cambridge figure.—Yours, etc.,

Haslemere

DEREK HUDSON

Sir,—I enjoyed Professor Burn's talk on the Stephen family, but must take exception to the sentence 'None [of the Stephen family's printed works] bears the indelible stamp of genius'. Surely Virginia Woolf was a genius, and is generally so considered by her contemporaries. The beauty and poetry of her style are outstanding and of the highest order.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

ALYS RUSSELL

The Marx Brothers

Sir,—Mr. Jack Isaacs informs us that it is nonsense to call the Marx brothers surrealists, and that only a highbrow would do so. This attitude to surrealism is fundamentally unsound. A highbrow would not extend the exalted title of 'surrealism' to such frivolities as the Marx brothers, but the true surrealist has no preconceived canons of scope. He should be prepared to find traces of surrealism in anything from Shakespeare to 'Ignorance is Bliss', for surrealism is one of the basic concepts of our life, not a mere byway of modern art. Since it is largely engendered by unconscious processes, it is perhaps a mistake to think about it consciously. But if we are going to use the word at all, let us not hesitate to apply it to the Marx brothers.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON

Going to the Pantomime

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

THE first pantomime to which I was taken was 'The Forty Thieves' at Drury Lane matinee in January 1887 when I was on the edge of four years old. I remember that long journey by District Railway from Kensington to the Temple, the fresh air of the Embankment when one emerged from the choking fumes of the underground, the adventurous crossing of the Strand, the rather frightening walk through the narrow thronged streets round Drury Lane, long since cleared away, the orange girls crying their wares in the colonnade as they had cried them since the days of Nell Gwynn. Then the sight of the crowded auditorium from a box in the dress-circle tier on the O.P. side—that is on the left as you look at the stage—the unforgettable pantomime smell of the past, a mixture of gas, oranges, human beings and dust, the noise of excited children and grown ups in the gallery and upper boxes (as the upper circle was called then), in pit and stalls and dress circle, and in the private boxes too, and finally the great gasp of anticipation as the curtain rose on the immemorial first scene of the Demon King announcing his villainous projects by the illumination of fizzy blue and red limes until the Fairy Queen entered from the prompt side and, standing in the holy circle cast by a fizzy white lime, vowed she would thwart his villainy. It was in one of those Drury Lane pantomimes of about sixty years ago that the Demon King sang:

Hush, hush, hush!
Here comes the bogey man,
Be on your best behaviour,
For he'll catch you if he can.

At these words children were fain to clutch parent or nurse or governess in panic, and I remember hearing it debated whether a theatre management was justified in terrifying children with such songs at a pantomime. Can you fancy children being terrified by such a song today?

My most vivid memory of 'The Forty Thieves' is when Charles Lauri, as a donkey, and Paul Martinetti, as a monkey, climbed up from the stage to the boxes on the prompt side and ran, yes, ran all the way round the plush-covered parapet of the dress circle, raising shrieks from all the children in the front rows. When the two animals reached our box my young brother—still four months away from two—let out a yell so loud and continued to yell so loudly that our nurse had to take him out of the box; I was left alone, a rather apprehensive child, for the rest of the scene.

The Drury Lane pantomime in 1888 was 'Puss in Boots', and for

me it was a tragedy because just as Letty Lind, the principal girl, came on in a coach and Charles Lauri as the enterprising cat was crying that his master the Marquis of Carrabas was drowning, my nurse suddenly decided that it was time to go home. We were in a circle box on the prompt side—she, an elderly woman who looked like a withered

Chinese, a little girl friend, and myself. I implored Nanny to stay, but she insisted on leaving the theatre. At the time her behaviour was inexplicable; I realised later that she must have been seized by an overwhelming desire to get back to the gin which she imbibed for years before she was found out. I can hear now from long ago the echoes of my sobbing as I was led from the theatre, and I can see now through the glass doors of the circle lobby with a last despairing backward glance the glittering silver of Letty Lind's coach.

The pantomime of 1889 was the first in which the immortal Dan Leno appeared at Drury Lane. He played the Baroness in 'The Babes in the Wood'. The laughter at his entrance, wheeling on the



George Conquest, Junior, and H. M. Edmunds in a pantomime at the Surrey Theatre in the eighteen-eighties

Babes—Herbert Campbell and Harry Nicholls—in a huge peramulator resounds in my ears from sixty-one years ago. 'Jack and the Beanstalk' followed in 1890. Harriet Vernon, a very handsome woman not far from six foot tall, was Jack, and I fell madly in love with her, being then on the edge of seven. When we got home from the matinee, I announced my intention of marrying her one day. 'You won't', proclaimed my brother, four months away from five. 'I'm going to marry her'. In a trice we were locked in a furious duel, rolling over and over one another on the front door mat like a couple of cavemen. In the end, with the advantage of weight, I compelled my brother to renounce his ambition to marry Harriet Vernon.

By this date the Harlequinade had shrunk to a couple of scenes: no longer did the Clown go right through the pantomime as in the days of Grimaldi. At the end of what was called the Transformation Scene, which consisted of raising one by one a series of gauzes to reveal fairies, reclining in enormous roses and water-lilies and that kind of thing, Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin appeared, the Clown opening with the time-honoured greeting of 'Here we are again!' and proceeding to throw crackers to the children in the audience—often able to reach as far as the dress circle; which was a pretty good throw from the stage at Drury Lane. This was followed by a front-cloth street-scene in which the Clown always burnt everybody with a red-hot poker and always stole a string of sausages from a butcher's shop. Columbine was continually pirouetting backwards and forwards along the street and Harlequin playing all sorts of tricks on shop-fronts with his wand. The Pantaloon and a gawky Policeman were always the butts of every joke and they were always being burnt more than anybody else by the Clown's red-hot poker. Then the street-scene gave way to an interior which ended in a riotous trap-act with Harlequin whizzing up ten feet in the air through a star-trap and diving head foremost through a wall just as the Clown was going to catch



Harlequinade, late nineteenth century

Illustrations from the R. Mander and J. Mitchenson Collection

him. That second scene vanished early in the 'nineties, and by the beginning of this century nothing was left of the Harlequinade except a brief street-scene. In a few years or so even that vanished, and the Harlequinade, as far as I know, is now extinct.

For the Drury Lane pantomimes of 1890 and 1891 we had the stage-box on the prompt side. In those days the stage-box was behind the orchestra and actually flush with the front of the stage—a most exciting place to be. I remember Marie Lloyd singing and dancing 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay'—no, not Lottie Collins who sang and danced it at the music-halls—and, while she was high-kicking from a cloud of amber underclothes, Harry Payne, the last of the great clowns, came into our box all dressed to go on and cry 'Here we are again' when his cue came. That seemed the most tremendous encounter I had ever had with the great of this world. If Dick Barton stepped out of a loud-speaker and shook hands all round the room it would hardly provide a greater thrill for a boy of today.

Other pantomimes we used to visit in those far off days were at the old Surrey Theatre in the Westminster Bridge Road. It was a great adventure walking over the bridge from the underground station, and as I look back to the Thames as it then appeared to my childish eyes it seems rather larger than the Atlantic Ocean. The giant Blunderbore was a formidable figure in 'Jack the Giant Killer', for he was able to put his head into the two circle-boxes on either side of the proscenium and champ at us, and in 'Valentine and Orson' the fight between the two brothers spilt so much red paint that the stage looked like the floor of a slaughter house. Nowadays the psychosis ramp would attribute the most fearful consequences to a childhood exposed to such horrors, but I cannot say I have discovered any psychosis in myself.

It was in the mid 'nineties that the great boom in building suburban theatres was in full swing. Most of them are picture palaces today or, like the Grand Theatre, Fulham, empty and silent. Pantomimes there were almost our favourites, in spite of having to endure the spectacle of a little boy in an Eton collar standing up in the dress circle to sing a duet with Aladdin or Prince Charming. How we loathed that little boy! I remember one song which went:

Your lips are red as rubies
Your eyes are diamonds rare.
So while I have you
My lovely Sue,
I'm as rich as a millionaire.

While this odious little boy was singing his part Aladdin would go

mincing about the stage, holding her hand to her ear—or I suppose I should say *his* hand, because she was the principal boy, and to our consternation and disgust we could hear elderly women all round exclaiming, 'Oh, what a little love! Oh, isn't he lovely! Oh, I do think he's lovely'. We used to scowl our disagreement, but it was no use. To that audience of long ago this chorister was another Stewart Granger or Michael Wilding.

Those were the days when the telephone was still a novelty and Millie Legarde sang:

Hello, my baby, hello, my honey,
Hello, my ragtime girl.
Send me a kiss by wire,
Honey, my heart's on fire.
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me
Then you'll be left alone.
So telephone, and tell me I'm your own.

We thought that this lyric touched the ultimate heights of passionate expression. To sing 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' or 'My love is like a red, red rose' after that would have seemed a descent to utter banality.

There were great houses for pantomime before the eruption of suburban theatres. The Grand, Islington, with Harry Randall as the Dame, the Standard, Shoreditch, and—more tremendous than any—the Britannia, Hoxton. If I were asked to name the audience that expressed beyond any other the spirit of London I would say the audience of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, at a pantomime. This was the apotheosis of the Cockney. This was the incarnation of his humour and gaiety and warm humanity. The women in their plumed hats! The costers in their pearlys! The oranges and nuts! That immense audience would seethe with enjoyment: it was a vast bubbling kettle of mirth. This was the stuff out of which came the London able to 'take it' forty years on. I used to have tears in my eyes just from the pleasure of being one in such a gathering. The man who was never one of an audience at the Britannia, Hoxton, has missed something in the life of London.—*Home Service*

Hesketh Pearson's book on *The Last Actor-Managers* (Methuen, 18s.) is based on his talks broadcast in the Third Programme but contains new material. He deals with ten figures of yesterday's stage ranging from Laurence Irving, who died in 1914, to Harley Granville-Barker, who died in 1946. The book is fully illustrated with photographs from the Mander and Mitchenson Theatre Collection.

Italy Half-way between Elections

(continued from page 7)

suddenly banned by the local authorities, and the indignant members of the party ascribed this ban to Government influence. That charge was not denied by Signor Scelba. On the contrary, he referred soon afterwards in a public speech to the fascist wolves who had escaped the blizzard, and he said they were a danger no less serious than communism to national solidarity.

Then there was a recent speech of the Christian Democrat Prime Minister, Signor de Gasperi, a speech made to an assembly of former members of the Partisan Movement, who now want to organise themselves into a militant anti-communist formation. Signor de Gasperi thanked them for their promised support of the Government, in its task of maintaining public security, but he added a warning against the growing tendency even among opponents of communism, of criticising Parliament as an institution. 'The whole conclusion of our fascist experience', he said forcibly, 'must be this. Never to turn backwards away from parliamentary development. Correct it, maybe; renovate it if you like; but never abandon the system, because if Parliament is abandoned, there remains no other defence of our liberties'.

If Signor de Gasperi chose to devote a long passage of his speech to this theme when speaking to such an audience, it was because he felt the threat to democratic institutions from the right wing was a serious one. Why has the Government chosen this moment to devote its attention to the danger of fascism, after allowing the Social Movement to develop more or less freely for three years? Some people believe it is the prelude to drastic action against political extremists of both the right and the left wings. Others believe it is because the Government is seriously alarmed at the amount of support the Social Movement has

won, not only at the expense of the left wing, but also from former adherents of Christian Democracy. Next spring there will be nationwide elections for local government, and many observers had been predicting a big swing-over in these local elections to the Social Movement. It was not an impossibility. It is true that communism, with its highly developed organisation and its international affiliations, remains the most formidable single opponent of the present Italian Government. But this Social Movement, with its aggressive nationalism, its demand to get things done, no matter how, and its ostentatious display of discipline, is no negligible peril. It appeals too strongly to the more romantic and rhetorical side of the Italian character.

An American friend of mine lives in Rome in a block of flats where one of the organisers of the Social Movement is his neighbour. He was aware the other afternoon of much coming and going next door, and he deduced that a party meeting was in progress. As it dispersed, he looked out of the window. Immediately below him in the square outside were two smartly dressed middle-aged gentlemen, about to get into their cars. They were facing each other, their eyes bulging with emotion. Suddenly one raised his right arm in the Roman salute, and shouted out 'A noi' ('To us')—the classic fascist slogan invented by d'Annunzio. The other returned the salute: 'Ever at your orders, Chief', he replied. Then they both entered their cars and drove off—all this in broad daylight in a public square in post-war democratic Italy where fascism is banned by the Constitution. My friend, who had lived here during the past regime, did not find the scene very amusing. 'The years rolled back so fast', he said to me afterwards, 'that I felt just a little sea-sick'.—*General Overseas Service*

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Short Story

The Speech

By ELIZABETH SEWELL

SHE would ordinarily have asked him in. She was not an unkindly woman—not very old either, though her face was ageing too quickly, with a sharpness about mouth and chin that suggested perhaps a touch of bitterness at work and worry, long hours spent at sink or washtub or over the cooking pots, and all the cares of husband and children. Her eyes, none the less, had softened at sight of him. He looked so desperately thin as he stood there on the back step, outlined against the blazing sunlight, supporting himself by one arm laid against the door frame. His head had dropped sideways, and the light caught the line of the cheek-bones and the straight unkempt hair, giving him that look of a forlorn small boy which goes to any woman's heart. Twenty or twenty-one, she judged him, not more. He had asked, too, like a child, for a drink of water.

The heat outside was frightening. She had been working all morning with the kitchen door open, and inside the house there was still some coolness. He looked in longingly, but she was realistic; he might not have the voice and manners of a tramp, but goodness, those clothes—filthy tatters, probably flea-ridden, and the smell of him . . . he might have been living in a pigsty. She walked across the cool scrubbed kitchen in her clean checked gingham, filled one of the children's mugs at the sink and brought it out to him. Water was precious this summer, but you couldn't deny that to the boy. Looking at him again, and from nearer at hand, she wondered if he were not feeling well.

'Sit down on the back step while you have your drink', she said. 'You'll be out of the sun there'.

Over the doorway a projecting square of whitewashed wood served as a little roof for the entry, covering just the top step. It was casting now a triangular shadow on to the slab of stone, and in this shadow the boy sat down, rather slowly and uncertainly, waiting to take the drink of water from her till he had settled himself and had got every inch of his flesh out of the burning sunlight, shrinking back against the wall of the house. The stone still had a touch of coolness that it could give to his thighs and shoulders. Then, when he was ready, he reached up for the mug of water. Rather to her surprise he lifted both hands for it, holding them out together as children do, sitting in a high chair at the meal table. He looked up at her face from where he was squatting on the ground.

'Mind!' she said. 'It's wet'.

The boy seemed to come to himself then and let one hand drop, taking the mug in his right hand. There were drops of water from the tap still standing on the outside of it, and they ran over his fingers. He licked them off first, said thank you, and then turned away into his corner in the shade, almost as if he wanted to cherish the water in secret for a little, nursing the mug to himself, holding it there against his chest before putting his nose down into it. She waited in the doorway for a moment, for manners' sake, though the boy did not seem inclined to talk.

'Have you come a long way?' she asked, to make conversation.

'Yes', he said, but did not add anything.

'How are things down there? Pretty bad?'.

'Yes', he said again. 'It's been a bad year and then you can't get jobs'. He had begun drinking the water now. It wasn't very cold, but he understood that you couldn't let the tap run just for that, and waste water; not this year.

'Things are bad here, too', she said a little aggressively, afraid he might ask her for work and she would have to refuse him. 'We've managed so far. But just look at this garden now—it's pitiful'.

He seemed not to want to look out into the sunlight, but did lift his face away from where it was brooding over the surface of the water in the mug, and saw the yellow leaves of the runner beans and the dust everywhere, pitted by sparrows' dust-baths. He nodded, then shut his eyes as if he regretted having moved his head. She glanced down at him, a little worried lest he should be ill, should be unable to go any further and she be left with a sick man on her hands, and barely enough food for the family as it was.

'Have you far to go?' she asked, and the boy stirred uneasily, as if he saw what the question really meant.

'No, not now', he said, 'only up to the top of the hill. I have to see the people up there'.

'At the big house?'.

'Yes, I have to see them about something. I have to make a speech'.

'Make a speech?' She thought he was rambling, a touch of the sun perhaps. She almost reached out a hand to feel his forehead and see if it were hot, then looked at his matted hair and checked herself halfway. She did not know if he saw this, but he huddled a little more over his drink.

'I've something I have to say to them. Call it a message if you like. I've been practising it all the way along the road, so as to have it by heart and all ready when the time comes. The people up at the big house—they're not away, are they?'.

'Oh no', she said, a little scornful at such ignorance of the ways of the neighbourhood. 'They're always there'.

She turned away, going back into the house to start peeling potatoes for the midday meal. She could not spend all morning at her doorway, and she saw he was going to spin his drink out as long as possible. If he imagines that may mean an invitation to join us, she thought, he's wrong; or maybe he just needs a rest out of the sun, and goodness knows he can have that and welcome. She threw the potatoes into a bowl, and began.

The boy, left alone, sat looking down the path to the wooden gate which led into that interminable glaring white road. The path was picked out with great lumps of flint, and at the back of these was an edging of London Pride, but all dusty and shrivelled. He shut his eyes and for the fiftieth time that morning began to run over in his mind the words of his speech, till a little touch on his left arm made him open his eyes again.

One of the babies of the house had appeared from somewhere, round the bend of the wall. She was standing beside him now, a small thing of about two perhaps, staring at him with one finger in her mouth. He looked back at her and managed a smile, but she was very solemn. Her pink dress had lost nearly all its colour, faded by the sun and by constant washings, for another of which it was about due, being very dirty. Her hair was yellow and straight, her eyes pale blue; not a pretty child, he saw as he smiled at her, but he was pleased to have her standing there, showing him that much confidence even if she would not smile at him. She reminded him just a little, as he had to admit to himself, of his pigs; but there are worse memories than pigs. Her nose was running and her upper lip was dirty. She needed a handkerchief, but he hadn't got one and could only look at her from where he sat on the back door step, hoping she would understand he was friendly.

A clatter of saucepans came from inside the cool darkness of the kitchen. The child heard it too, and began to go towards the door, skirting round him and putting out one hand to steady herself against his knee, not for friendliness but as if he had been the banisters on the stairs. He was quite content to be that for her. Her small fat bow legs found the three stone steps difficult. She had to lie down on each in turn, on her front, and get her legs up sideways. It seemed to him a dreadfully uncomfortable method, but when he reached out a hand to help her she screamed at him, letting him know plainly she preferred to manage alone. So he left her to it, leant back and closed his eyes again.

His lips murmured his speech once more, and it was just as he was saying ' . . . more worthy to be . . . ' that the noise broke, a sudden piercing yell in his ear. She had fallen down. He had to untwist himself and set the half-finished mug of water down on the ground before he could pick her up, and so it was the child's mother who reached her first. He saw the baby snatched up in two long arms, howling, and then he had to look away. For the woman was angry, had the little girl lifted up between her hands, the two small arms pinioned down, her furious voice trying to drown the screams. 'I've told you over and over again not to do that . . . the next time you'll get a good slap'. He had seen it so often, tired women out shopping with some small thing dragged behind them, boo-hooing scarlet-faced, and the mother merci-

less, all patience exhausted, ignoring the noise and tears and gripping the wrist as tightly as if to pull the small arm out of its socket. It is not for anyone to interfere between mother and child, he knew that, and children are unreasonable and stubborn. But even so he could not look. He got to his feet and then saw that the water had been spilled on to the ground, making mercury-like balls in the dust at first and then vanishing in a dribbling trail or two on the hard ground. He picked the mug up and set it, earthy and dirtied, on the top step. The woman had gone over to the far side of the kitchen. She had flung the child against her shoulder and it was sobbing now against the back of her neck. She was not looking at him and he did not want to stay any more, so he walked down the path and out of the gate which he latched behind him, thinking of that baby and the traffic on the road. Just now, however, there was none. His direction turned him right into the sunlight. The road was wide and white, absolutely without shade. He began to walk up it.

Very soon he was walking with his eyes shut. The glare was so fierce he could see only by shading his eyes with his hand, and this required too much effort. All he could manage was to keep setting one foot in front of the other, and to keep his mind on his speech. He felt very sick, and was not sure if this were the water on his empty stomach, or the heat, or—and this troubled him most—apprehension. He was light-headed with hunger and exhaustion, and was afraid that he would forget his speech when it came to the point. He tried to imagine what that point would be like; would one of the servants open the door to him, and would he have to meet his father in the hall or on the staircase, with everyone watching? He had a sudden constriction of the heart, and the muscles in the calves of his legs began to tremble. Better not to imagine these things; he could do nothing about it in any case. All he could do was to keep on saying his speech, over and over, lest his memory should slip from him as his senses seemed to be doing.

By the time he reached the foot of the long hill, the last lap of his journey home, he could no longer walk straight. Some piece of his mind knew this, as a mind does when its body is nearing the end of its resources. His mind was being very patient with him, but relentless at the same time, encouraging him forward, saying that he need not open his eyes into the sun because it could imagine well enough the long uphill road with the white wooden paling on the far side of the ditch on the right, the baked and dusty grass beside the road, the big house at the top of the hill. It kept saying, 'Only a little further', but he could not hear it very well for, though his face was cold and sweating, he felt as if someone were blowing hot air into his ears, and his legs no longer seemed to belong to him. His lips kept on with the speech, however; that, he was determined, was the last thing that was going to slip from him. Strength, the power to move, consciousness even, he would let go sooner than that.

But as it happened he did not have to climb the hill. He had only just begun to set himself to the slope when he heard his name called. His mind, in its slightly disembodied and impersonal state, told him to go on and take no notice: he was not quite himself. He did not open his eyes, and so, blundering along with his eyes shut, he very nearly bumped into his father, there, in the middle of the road. He could not imagine what his father was doing here, a good mile from the house. His speech? The moment had come, he must begin it; but at least he was dumbly grateful that there was nobody else there, if he could trust his eyes which, open now, saw—although uncertainly and that was strange for the light was very bright—only his father in the road, and a pair of powder-blue butterflies flickering round the thistle-tops in the hedgerow.

He would begin his speech now. He had it clear in his head, even if nothing else was clear to him. At this point he went down on his knees in the hot white grit; his legs would still have walked him along but they could not stand under him, and in any case he could say his speech quite as well kneeling down. He must concentrate on the speech; but someone had hold of him. There was an arm round his shoulder, another circling his head, hand on forehead, holding it against folds of sweet-smelling clothes, a head bent over him murmuring something. This was a distraction; he must say his speech. He began, in good order: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son'. Then something happened he had not reckoned with: he started to cry. He knew there was more of the speech to be said. It went on, 'Make me as one of Thy hired servants', but the 'M' at the beginning of the sentence merely set his mouth in the shape children's mouths have when they are going to cry, and he could not go any further. He was undone now, his buried face held close against his father's body, crying his heart out, dribbling

like a child all down his father's clothes. Forgetting all words but remembering still what he was, his filthy clothes and hair, the vermin, the stink, he tried to take himself away, but the arms round him only held him the more closely and in the end he gave up trying and just cried himself into quietness, while his father produced from somewhere a clean handkerchief and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, blew his nose for him.

Encounters with a Doppelgänger

I—A Duel

He turns on me, his face
Awry with rage and fear.
'You fiend, what means this chase?'
But, friend, you led me here.

Too late, he'll fight. We draw
Together, together fire.
Our bullets fly apace,
And land where we desire.

He did not see my love,
His fear I did not see.
Now I have killed myself,
Myself has murdered me.

II—A Meeting

When George began to climb all unawares
He saw a horrible face at the top of the stairs.

The rats came tumbling down the planks,
Pushing past without a word of thanks.

The rats were thin, the stairs were tall,
But the face at the top was worst of all.

It wasn't the ghost of his father or mother.
When they are laid there's always another.

It wasn't the ghost of people he knew.
It was worse than this, shall I tell you who?

It was himself, oh what a disgrace.
And soon they were standing face to face.

At first they pretended neither cared,
But when they met, they stood and stared.

One started to smile and the other to frown,
And one moved up and the other moved down.

But which emerged and which one stays,
Nobody will know till the end of his days.

III—A Noose

If you light on a gallows it bodes nothing but good,
Unless you're in the middle of a dark winter wood.

But you are in a wood? Well, there's nothing to fear
Except if there's a long silken noose hanging near.

And there is such a noose? You're in danger, it's plain,
Unless a previous occupant warns you back again.

What, nobody has hanged himself here before?
Then you won't come out of this glade any more.

All my omens you've slighted, and it's done you no good.
But you may as well know me, so I'll lift my hood.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Korea Today. By George M. McCune. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

PROFESSOR McCUNE was born in Pyongyang, lived half his life in Korea, and served in the U.S. State Department (1944-45) in connection with Korean affairs. With this unrivalled general knowledge of his subject he has collated from many sources not generally accessible a vast amount of important, though depressing, information. Though an American, his book is in no sense a pro-American apologia. By no means insensible to America's blunders, Dr. McCune writes at all times with scholarly detachment.

Looking back now it is hard to see how Russia and America could ever have been expected to co-operate in the formation of a Korean Government as the Moscow Conference in December 1945 entrusted them to do. The attempt failed partly through the violent divisions among the Koreans themselves, but chiefly, as Professor McCune says, because both America and Russia were bent on shaping a Korea favourable to their respective interests. And in this the Russians were much the cleverer of the two. As soon as they entered North Korea they swept out of existence every trace of the Japanese administration and installed a Provisional People's Committee (nucleus of the later People's Republic of Korea) with an all-Korean Cabinet headed by Kim Il-sung; and while they undoubtedly pulled the strings, they kept sufficiently in the background to give the impression that North Korea really had an independent Government. 'This policy', says Professor McCune, 'contrasted sharply with American policy epitomised by Lieut.-General Hodge's statement that "Military government is the only government in southern Korea".'

But the Americans' difficulties with South Korea were scarcely less than those with Russia. They poured out money like water, distributed 15,000,000 text books in the native alphabet among elementary schools to repair Japan's deliberate efforts to suppress the Korean language, imported railway engines and machinery, planted trees, planned irrigation works: so far from receiving any help by the Interim Legislative Government under Dr. Syngman Rhee, set up in December 1946, they were rather obstructed. The story of the abortive land reform legislation is particularly instructive. Those, too, who have recently been shocked by the wholesale shooting of communists in Seoul will find plenty of precedent in these pages.

The ruination of Korean economy by the division of the 38th parallel is familiar to all. How utterly absurd it was is shown by the position at Haegu where the harbour is on one side of the line, the factories on the other. But what, further, is so appalling is the damage done by the second world war, in which Korea had no earthly concern, and by deliberate sabotage by the Japanese after it. Professor McCune gives a great deal of information about the post-war state of mines and factories which were the essential wealth of North Korea, and certainly, though for different reasons, the South suffered no less. On top of this comes the ruination of the present war.

But more difficult than questions of material reparation as one looks to the future of Korea is the nature of the Koreans themselves, the infinite variety of political factions, the frightful hatreds, and the added complication of the innate antipathy between northerners and southerners. The Koreans are justly proud of their ancient civilisation, dating from at least

2,000 years ago. But the value of this memory seems obliterated by the past century or so, first under a corrupt court, then under Japanese tyranny, till they appear equally incapable of helping themselves or of letting others help them. Dr. McCune offers no solution, but at least he helps one to understand the full nature of the problem that must some day be solved.

Mill on Bentham and Coleridge
Introduction by F. R. Leavis.
Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

John Stuart Mill's essays on Jeremy Bentham and Samuel Taylor Coleridge were originally published in *The Westminster Review* in 1838 and 1840 (those were spacious days when a review could print an essay of 15,000-20,000 words!). They eventually found a place in Mill's collected essays, and when Mill's reputation was high, their intellectual brilliance was fully recognised. In our own time Mill, his *Autobiography* apart, has gone out of fashion, but this volume is perhaps a sign of a returning interest. Dr. Leavis is fully justified in isolating these two essays and reissuing them as a significant text. 'The present volume', he writes, 'represents an ambition to make Mill's *Bentham and Coleridge* current classics for the literary student'; but by literary student, he hastens to add, he means anyone in search of a liberal education, for 'the profit of a real literary training will show itself very largely in other-than-literary fields'. And, indeed, one cannot imagine a better illustration than is provided by this volume of the general educative values to be derived from the study of a literary text. Mill's prose style is a model of precision and clarity, but that is merely one of his virtues. Admirable, too, is his rhetoric—the ordering of his subject-matter, the taut thread of his argument.

But the main value of these two essays, as Dr. Leavis makes clear, is their unerring analysis of the social and philosophical significance of the doctrines of the two authors under discussion; and by his comparison of their opposed types of mind he brings out the dissonance underlying the whole development of modern thought. Bentham, as the leading representative of Utilitarianism, later to be known as Positivism, is the protagonist of that 'scientific method' which still today asserts that all problems can be settled by discursive reasoning. Coleridge, though not so unequivocal a type, represents that metaphysical approach to the problems of life which asserts the validity of insight, intuition and other non-discursive types of reasoning. Mill himself believed in a reconciliation or synthesis of these two methods, and Mill was surely right. Bentham, he pointed out, had no imagination, and lacking this sympathetic faculty, he dismissed the moral and idealistic aspects of man's nature as 'vague generalities'. 'He did not heed, or rather the nature of his mind prevented it occurring to him, that these generalities contained the whole unanalysed experience of the human race'.

Coleridge, in Mill's view, erred in asserting that the nature and laws of things in themselves, or of the hidden causes of the phenomena which are the objects of experience, can be apprehended by some extra-sensory faculty. 'We see no ground for believing', says Mill, 'that anything can be the object of our knowledge except our experience, and what can be inferred from our experience by the analogies of experience itself; nor that there is any idea, feeling, or power in

the human mind, which in order to account for it, requires that its origin should be referred to any other source'.

It is a mistake, Mill warned us, to think that these are academic questions with no reference to the practical problems of society. Both men 'were destined to renew a lesson given to mankind by every age, and always disregarded—to show that speculative philosophy, which to the superficial appears a thing so remote from the business of life and the outward interests of men, is in reality the thing on earth which most influences them, and in the long run overbears every other influence save those which it must itself obey'. Dr. Leavis, by republishing these essays and drawing attention to their immediate significance, is repeating Mill's warning, and continuing his own good fight against the sterility of our existing academic institutions.

The General Election in Glasgow, February 1950: Essays by Members of the Staff of the University of Glasgow. Edited by S. B. Chrimes. Jackson. 15s.

Glasgow has as rich and distinctive a political life as any city in the country. It is therefore a significant index of the comparative sterility of regional political studies in this country that Glasgow politics have been academically so long neglected. For this reason, if for no other, a book describing the conduct of a General Election in Glasgow would be welcome. The members of the University of Glasgow who have combined under the direction of Mr. S. B. Chrimes to observe and report on the General Election of last February are to be congratulated on applying themselves to a task which, if long overdue, has at least been undertaken in Glasgow earlier than in any other city of the United Kingdom.

Yet welcome remains tinged with regret. If this account is to be believed, the picture that once-Red Clydeside presented in February 1950 differed remarkably little from the rest of the country. The sections of this volume which deal with the issues and the campaign reveal strangely little that is distinctive. Occasionally the apprehension suggests itself that this may proceed from a slight political insensitivity on the part of the contributors, who seem to have taken a rather two-dimensional view of the politics of Clydeside. Surely there is more to be said about the candidatures in Govan and the campaigning in the Gorbals than is allowed to emerge in this dispassionate account? But for the most part no doubt it is true, as the editor claims, that 'Glaswegians acted in this election very much in the same way as comparable communities elsewhere'. It looks as if the uniformity of centrally organised politics has erased the political folkways of Clydeside before the salvage gangs of contemporary historians could appear on the scene.

The book is divided into seven main sections. It begins with a description of the fifteen constituencies, clear, precise, and statistical, though strangely indifferent to the political quiddities of these electoral communities. This is followed by an examination of the candidates. The statistical breakdowns for fifty candidates, distributed over fifteen constituencies, can hardly be expected to yield any very significant conclusions. They do however confirm the impression of the uniformity of Glasgow's 1950 electoral habits. The

chapter on the issues consists, to a surprising degree, of an analysis of national party manifestos and supplementary Central Office literature. There is some treatment of local issues, especially in connection with matters such as Anti-Partition and Scottish Home Rule. For the most part, however, Glasgow seems to have taken its arguments ready-made. The treatment here suffers from being excessively analytical; there is no attempt to trace how the issues developed under the stress of the campaign, save for the one exception of Mr. Churchill's Edinburgh proposal of a meeting between the heads of government in Britain, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

The chapter on the campaign is probably the most interesting in the book. It contains a good deal of closely observed and tightly packed information. There are some fascinating details, such as the picture of the Liberal candidate in Govan campaigning from a tent equipped with orange boxes, a camp bed and oil lamps. Sometimes the reader is given the feeling that the author could say more if he would. What was the joint meeting held in Pollock which 'does not appear to have been very satisfactory'? Occasionally the detail is a little blurred, as in the description of party organisations and the numbers and efficiency of agents.

There is a careful chapter on the press, which brings out clearly the Conservative bias of the local journals, but also bears testimony to the generally high level of their reporting. It would have been still further improved had a slightly less mechanical treatment been adopted, and the measurements of lineage been supplemented by an attempt to assess prominence. Moreover, by omitting mention of any London newspapers which do not publish separate Glasgow editions, a misleading impression is given of the range of political news available to the Glasgow reader, and also of the local importance of such a paper as the *Scottish Daily Express*.

There are some interesting remarks on the pictorial propaganda of Clydeside, and there is a detailed statistical analysis of the results. The estimates of cause and effect in both these sections are necessarily subjective. But it can be said that here as elsewhere the book shows a commendable freedom from political bias, and a most welcome eagerness to examine its material in a serious and enquiring spirit. It is much to be hoped that the enterprise shown by Glasgow University in 1950 may prove infectious in other cities when a comparable opportunity recurs.

James Wyatt. By Reginald Turnor. Art and Technics. 8s. 6d.

How many amateurs of architecture visit Oxford, one wonders, without discovering, perhaps even without knowing of the existence of, the Radcliffe Observatory? A hundred years ago it was not only well known but well seen, for at that time it still closed the converging vistas down St. John and Walton Streets. There were many representations of it, including one by Rowlandson and a charming one in Ackermann's *History of the University of Oxford* (1814). By the end of the Victorian period, however, it was both out of sight and out of mind; in Joseph Wells' *Oxford and its Colleges* of 1897, for instance, it is ignored entirely, although there is plenty about Dr. Radcliffe. By this time the repellent Wellington Square had arisen to hide it from St. John Street; and now, divorced from its original purpose, it has for all-too-near neighbours the new buildings of the Radcliffe Infirmary, 'merciful in purpose but merciless in design', as the author of this book so truly observes. Yet the Radcliffe Observatory remains, as Mr. Lawrence Dale wrote in 1944, one of the

loveliest buildings in Oxford, and eminently worth seeking out, even in its present desolation. Although begun by another architect, Henry Keene, it was James Wyatt who not only completed it, in 1798, but who gave it its special character, so elegant, so surprising, so original despite its Greek derivation.

Nevertheless, it is not many months since the Slade Professor at Cambridge described Wyatt's now vanished Fonthill Abbey over the air and in *THE LISTENER* as 'designed by a questionable architect for a questionable patron'. That the description fits Beckford no one would deny, but why should Wyatt's credentials be in question? The answer, no doubt, is to be found in his eclecticism, in what Mr. Turnor calls his 'architectural double life'. Wyatt could, and did, design in Classic and in Gothic with equal facility, and therefore, it is tempting to feel, with equal lack of conviction. Tempting, but, it is suggested, mistaken: for it is axiomatic that the whole cannot be smaller than one of its parts, and if his Classical works had alone survived, the genius of Wyatt would surely have been more generally recognised. This is not to imply, despite the great beauty of his interior work at Heveningham Hall in Suffolk (damaged, alas, by fire in September, 1949), that he was, in the opinion of the present reviewer, the equal of Robert Adam: he was luckier, certainly, but less subtle, and undoubtedly owed much to the older man, especially on the decorative side.

This book is the first of a new series of architectural biographies. The text, of only thirty-five pages, is brief, but there are over fifty illustrations and a high standard of production. It is to be hoped, all the same, that in succeeding volumes the illustrations will be collated with the text, the more so if their arrangement is to be, as here, somewhat haphazard. In so short a book there are, inevitably, some omissions, and of course that depressing composition, the West front of Hereford Cathedral, is not, as we are told here, Georgian Gothic, but a work of 1902-8 by John Oldrid Scott. But as an introduction to Wyatt this little book, with its excellent colour-descriptions of interiors (an aspect so often overlooked in architectural books, but so important), is just what is needed, and augurs well for a series which should be widely welcomed.

The Religion of Beauty. Selections from the Aesthetes. With an Introduction by Richard Aldington. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

Though the title of this volume was suggested by an essay on Rossetti (by Frederick W. H. Myers, one of several interesting items 'recovered' by Mr. Aldington), it might more appropriately have been reserved for another volume—one which would have traced the evolution of a true religion of beauty, beginning with Plato's *Symposium*, taking in two or three Italians (Dante, Alberti, Campanella), passing to Schiller and Shelley, and ending with a much more exclusive selection of the so-called Aesthetes. Perhaps even then the word 'religion' would be misapplied, for what is involved is rather a mystical philosophy. Of such a philosophy there is really little trace in this volume, though Rossetti had it, and Pater was its fully conscious prophet. In others it was disguised (Ruskin) or suppressed (Hopkins). The case of Ruskin is particularly interesting, for though he had the impulse to make Beauty the principle of life, he was held back by his Christian conscience, and this is perhaps the main cause of those contradictions in his writings which puzzled his contemporaries and led as time went on to a disregard of his message.

Mr. Aldington, in his introduction, does not make much effort to sort out the muddle in Ruskin's mind, and in his selections from the good man studiously avoids anything that might frighten the unphilosophical public. Indeed, it is best to accept this book as one more florilegium, a collection of interesting, amusing or pretty pieces well designed to fill an empty hour (we need not then object to its indifferent editing, its omission of sources and dates of composition). Particularly rewarding are the extracts from rare volumes of aesthetic verse—Lefroy, Marzials, Roscoe, Levy, Roden Noel, John Payne, Lee-Hamilton, Victor Plarr, Evelyn Douglas, Theodore Wratlaw, Olive Custance—these are names which most of us never knew, or have forgotten. Their poems are period pieces, and though they exhibit many of the vices of 'poeticism' (against which Hopkins, for example, already at the time revolted), they cannot be omitted from the history of English verse, and if they often provoke a guffaw, they sometimes suggest a doubt as to the infallibility of our critical standards. There is the curious case of Rachel Annand Taylor, the 'die-hard', as Mr. Aldington calls her, of the movement. Objectively considered, her work is 'as good as' Rossetti's—Mr. Aldington would say better. 'With a vocabulary as rich as Francis Thompson's, though less archaic, Seicento and self-conscious, she is as much a master of the sonnet form as Rossetti. Indeed, to be perfectly truthful, I prefer her Fiametta sonnets to most of those in *The House of Life*, though possibly Rossetti's greater prestige will prevent others from making the acknowledgment'. Mr. Aldington is not afraid of airing his unorthodoxy—he describes Henry James as 'the ideal novelist for those who dislike novels'—but in this case there is a genuine critical problem and not, as usual, a quip against the highbrows.

Theatre, Drama and Audience in Goethe's Germany. By W. H. Bruford. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

One has learnt to expect from Professor Bruford books and monographs packed with learning, and the present work does not disappoint one's expectations. Apart from the highly useful bibliography and the tables of theatrical performances, the author conveys an amount of information rarely found compressed into so relatively modest a compass, and so pleasantly and readably written. Yet, though it is both exasperating and foolish to demand of a writer that he should mould his book nearer to the heart's desire of the reviewer and further from his own, one cannot but regret that this is not a simple history of the German stage in Goethe's day, and wish that the attempt to combine it with an outline history of the contemporary drama had not been made. Students of German literature at least will find that the sections on the theatre are considerably more interesting and illuminating than those on the drama.

Professor Bruford's contention that, ever since the faraway days when the redoubtable Gottsched imposed his narrow ethical and literary standards on his contemporaries, German drama has tended under the burden of 'ideas' to gravitate to the study rather than the stage, is perhaps responsible for his decision to consider them under separate headings, even when the dramas in question were not divorced from the theatre. This leads to a certain loss of actuality in the dramatic sections and of liveliness in the theatrical accounts. For instance, there is an appreciative analysis of Schiller's *Braut von Messina* on pages 334-339, preceded on page 315 by the statement:

Schiller aimed at and obtained an overwhelming effect in the theatre from situations which, as

our analysis will suggest, are not without a large element of artifice, but he had certainly achieved his ambition of making the maximum use of the dramatic form.

This dispassionate remark would surely have been illustrated in a straight history of the stage by some account of the extraordinary sensation aroused during the second performance of the play in Lauchstädt, when a thunderstorm broke out furiously half-way through this 'mighty tragedy':

One part of the audience fled from the play-house, I know not whither, the women screaming in terror. The actors, at first dumbfounded, plucked up their courage again, but they still trembled noticeably at the significant passages. Especially the leader of the chorus who had to speak the following lines during the rolling of the thunder outside:

When clouds so blacken the sky and tumultuously tower,

When hollow the thunder booms, pale fright Seizes all hearts; they acknowledge the power Of fate and its terrible sinister might.

The terror increased with Isabella's curse upon motherhood which followed soon afterwards and reached its highest pitch when in her sorrow she turned against the powers of heaven, godhead and nature seeming alike senseless to her, and the chorus warned her:

Unhappy woman, cease, the gods yet live,

Acknowledge them who, awful, thee surround!

... horror seized upon all hearts, whilst the thunderstorm continued to rage; all around were dead-white faces, every member of the audience held his breath; even Schiller sat in his box as if turned to stone.—(Account by an eye-witness, the student, L. Krahn.)

There are other incidents in the stage history,

notably of the Weimar Court Theatre, which one is sorry to miss, especially as the author has given such fascinating and tantalising glimpses of Goethe in his capacity of *Direktor*. As for Lessing and the Hamburg National Theatre, this is passed over rather rapidly because of the full and detailed study given to it by the late Professor J. G. Robertson; and it would indeed be impossible to add anything of importance to that monumental work. But there is matter and to spare for a full account in English of the history of the Weimar Court Theatre; and in view of Professor Bruford's learning and mastery of the subject as a whole, one may be tempted to hope that he will concentrate at some future date on this fruitful episode in stage history and in the life of Germany's greatest poet.

New Novels and Stories

A Rage to Live. By John O'Hara. Cresset. 15s.

The Lighted Cities. By Ernest Frost. Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

A Little Stone. By Paul Bowles. Lehmann. 9s. 6d.

The Passionate North. By William Sansom. Hogarth. 8s. 6d.

THE very least that can be said of *A Rage to Live* is that it is ten times more readable than most new novels; and a good book, which maintains through nearly six hundred pages a well-seen and honestly-treated action, its parts related with visionary ingenuity to each other and to their centre, cannot be adequately dealt with in a mere review. One can only indicate, temporarily, certain aspects of it. One aspect has, I think, been over-stressed by the blurb-writers of both the American and the (slightly expurgated) English edition. It is true that the book contains detailed, brilliant and witty accounts of various parts of American life in an important city in Pennsylvania; for an American reader it doubtless contains everything he would wish to see, for better or worse, exposed and mocked at. Yet this would be a cheap aim and a not much worthier accomplishment. The real thing of virtue in *A Rage to Live* is its picture of Grace Tate, the heroine, who is, I imagine, real enough to provoke those curious dissensions about her character that Tess provoked in the 'nineties. The American blurb-writer for example has seen her thus:

She is a woman with the courage of her instincts. Never counting costs, she must obey her impulses in defiance of the mores of her group, and never know the meaning of shame. Her avidity for life carries her through an impetuous childhood, through marriage, violent extra-marital affairs, scandal, disaster and her own kind of triumphs to the fulfilment of a life-pattern determined by her nature and background.

Now, even when it is allowed that a blurb-writer has to advertise a book, and that the best way to do this is to suggest that it aspires to the condition of *Forever Amber*, and even when furthermore one discounts such parts of the above statement as could not mean much anyway, it has to be insisted that this is not the impression of Grace that a thoughtful reader would get. There is also something misleading about Mr. O'Hara's title. The book is in fact a study of a woman who achieves a quite stern morality and lucidity of judgment in her sexual life; and who halfway through the book earns from the reader a sympathy and respect that compel him to a true curiosity about her fortunes. Grace's 'violent extra-marital affairs' amount in fact to one in number; and this brief outbreak is the turning-point in her life which leads to an unaffectedly told tragedy. In the

pages that follow, Mr. O'Hara, solely by means of action and speech, gives a study of un-hysterical remorse and of the long after-effects of a sin that accident has rendered inexpiable. Most of this happens in the first half of the book. It is some measure of Mr. O'Hara's energy and power that the book is able to pursue its course after the death of Grace's husband, with the two still unreconciled, into Grace's life as a mature woman. It is here that the real dramatic point of Mr. O'Hara's picture of the society of Fort Penn becomes apparent: there is something extraordinarily moving in the way in which external forces bring earlier characters back into the dance; only a second reading could do justice to the thoroughness with which the plot is composed. Nothing in Grace's later relationships (one brief and merely sensual affair, one long, hopeless and renunciatory love which barely achieves positive expression) can suggest the roaring girl of the American blurb. *A Rage to Live* is a very powerful piece of work, written with an unusual sureness of style which permits incursions into and out of parody and satire; the book is bound at times to recall *Ulysses*, especially the Cyclops chapter of that book: it is nonetheless a book of quite individual fineness and intelligence.

Possibly what most sets the teeth on edge in *The Lighted Cities* is the delicately debilitated Virginia Woolf manner in which it tries to write itself. At every conceivable point, and at several others, gentle little pieces of pretty, elegant London are washed in. Light, in various pleasing pastel shades, is spilled brightly or softly, according to time of day or year, over housefronts, trees, windows, omnibuses, and tea-tables. There is much concern with music and painting. From all this—from the author's manner and style, as if he had incanted his characters out of his words—emerge the arthritic old musician Rainham, in love with a young composer who has vanished; the impotent old art-professor Amanis, his nice, soul-ruined wife Katherine, the young man Bernard who falls in love with her, the spinster-don in love with Amanis: they are made to dance a characteristic little set of movements, reaching a climax in that favourite English literary set-piece: Elderly Party making long tragic final journey on very hot day to try to find Younger Party, ending in death of former at moment of meeting later. One believes in Mr. Frost's characters; naturally, because one is dogged by the vague feeling that one has

believed in some of them in other books. But to create credible characters is a comparatively easy task; to make them do things that seem to matter is the hard one. And that is not what is accomplished here.

I have not read Mr. Bowles' novel, but his short stories show him to be a very good writer indeed. They all have sub-tropical settings and it is an indication of his art that his descriptions of landscape are part of the excitement—one can only say that they are at once beautiful and indispensable, at one with the strange, ironic, farcical or pathetic incidents which take place inside them. There is cunning, of course, and there is cunning in the way the book is arranged: in the early stories Mr. Bowles is concerned with the Northerner's failure to cope with the alien tropical life: we lose our way, and flee. The last story is a horrible nightmare of an involvement all too successful. Elsewhere, Northerners are left behind, and Mr. Bowles persuades us that he really has penetrated into the opaque minds of Mexican Indians and others; and there is an even remoter triumph in the lovely story called 'The Circular Valley' where the central character is a magic spirit. How Mr. Bowles comes by his knowledge I cannot imagine; and cannot imagine if it is true. Whatever the case, his stories have the reality of facts.

Mr. Sansom's haven't. In his stories, all set in Scandinavia or Northern Scotland, we have incidents of a possibly real life. A man accuses his brother of having a kept woman and pretends to shoot him; the brother, though innocent, dies. A man and girl are benighted in a mist, couple, and are uninterested in each other next day. A sailor goes to Greenland, his girl is unfaithful, but it is all right when he comes back. A couple, having parted, meet again, and it isn't as it was. Behind these activities, Mr. Sansom disposes his huge hunks of poster-scenery. He does not pretend there is any real connection between the two. They have been yanked together. But is it at all conceivable that there is any interest in the activities themselves? Even when they are teased and stretched and ballooned out by over-writing, they yield no magic, nothing to move or amuse. It seems as if Mr. Sansom has, basically, only a low, common material which he is desperately trying to make up into something highbrow.

HENRY REED

[New Novels are now being reviewed by a number of critics in turn. On January 25 Mr. David Paul takes over from Mr. Henry Reed]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

The Sense of the Imperative

TELEVISION HAS INTRODUCED no more tremendous topic into its recurring round-table discussion programmes by public persons than in the second part of 'In The News' last Friday night, when Robert Boothby, W. J. Brown, Michael Foot and A. J. P. Taylor expressed with sincere, if not entirely coherent, unanimity the longing for peace by ordinary people in all countries, everywhere. The implied question: Why can't this great human wish be fulfilled? evoked a genuineness of feeling that raised the interplay of opinions well above the cerebral circus level of so many of these didactic performances, aural and visual. It showed again that what this type of programme needs is less production emphasis and more editorial inspiration. Sound broadcasting has never capably grasped the importance of that function. One may hope, from this example, that television will do so.

Discussion in the same programme of the Stone of Scone theft, and of the sense and nonsense of petty nationalism, yielded a cran of red herrings. Boothby, who is by way of being an authority on the other kind, loudly proclaimed himself an Edinburgh man and that did not strike the note of relevancy either. Bill Brown, calming the deliberately troubled waters with upraised hand and chiding now-now voice, diminished conviction by grinning when he thought the camera had left him. Foot and Taylor had firmly decided that grinning was not on the agenda.

The result was a more compelling contribution to the pleasures of looking-in than to the technique of controversy. On these occasions the need to

keep the flames of argument alive and leaping often produces spots of awkwardness and artificiality. 'In the News', like 'International Commentary', is first-rate television, the sort of programme which additionally justifies itself by excusing some of the less successful ones. There was the spelling bee, for example, from which neither the manifest charms of the R.A.D.A. ladies nor the curiously surprising spelling lapses of the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* could exclude an inherent tedium. This was too languid an affair altogether. The mounting vitality of television demands much more urgency of co-operation.

This sense of the imperative is as apparent in the decision to increase the number of televised newsreels as it is in the nature of the material they use. Viewers now have a new edition of Television Newsreel every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with repeats on other days. Equipped



'Probation Office': the second programme in the series 'Course of Justice', with (left to right) the Probation Officer (Neil Ballantyne), Mrs. Pawley (Vi Stevens), Dennis Pawley (Michael Edmonds) and Trainee Probation Officer (Diane Watts)

the familiar formula of the cinema newsreels with their implacable constant of infuriating noise, over-dramatised commentary, and guillotined interest. There seems to be a newsreel producers' fixation that their audiences are composed of enthusiasts for the manufactured excitements of boys' serial stories. A considerable weight of responsibility rests on those who run Television Newsreel.

The exuberance of television in its topical enterprises of the Christmas season showed up certain of its other activities in unfavourable contrast. Henry Carr's 'Seeing Eye' lessons in art taught us as much about television limitations as it did about painting. One was bedevilled by the ungenerous notion that he should have been in the place of Philip Harben, cooking a turkey. Harben has enough of the actor in him (his father having been distinguished in that line) to keep moving. Carr's pace was too ruminative to hold the attention for his full half-hour. His preoccupation with eyelid drawing at near bedtime was riskily hypnotic. This programme, and the one

in which Strube and David Langdon discussed and did cartooning together, badly needed discipline, revision, and rehearsal. Strube, with his wealth of experience and recollection and his essential good-nature, has it in him to give us the kind of excellence which made Arthur Percival's talk about orchestra conductors so enjoyable. This was splendid television material, as rich and as memorable as an Elian essay.

There were other programmes to encourage the assertion that at no time since the first glimmerings of television appeared on a screen has it stirred the impulse to applaud more genuinely or more often than in the last climactic fortnight of the year that has gone. Taking a high place was 'Probation Office', depicting the work of probation officers among young offenders who come into the courts. The foundation of the success of this documentary production was a carefully thought out well-written script. For once one was made to feel that writer mattered as much as producer, who deserved full marks for the admirable restraint of speech and action. The pitch was just right. No one played for sympathy, with the result that all gained it. We were informed, enlightened and moved.



Animated diagram from the film 'Trawling' in the programme 'For the Children' on December 21

British Instructional Films



'In the News': an unrehearsed discussion on topics of the week given at Lime Grove on December 29. Left to right: W. J. Brown, Robert Boothby, M.P., Dingle Foot (chairman), Michael Foot, M.P., and A. J. P. Taylor

with its own stylised larynx, the Newsreel is evidently out to make history as well as to record it. Already it may have done so. Its Christmas with the Commonwealth Brigade in Korea, appearing on our screens four days after, supplied assurance of achievements to come. Another of its objectives should be and perhaps is to evolve its own presentation techniques. The commercial film newsreels have always been captives of an arbitrary principle, for ever cheating their audiences out of seeing more of what they would most like to see. Television Newsreel has a chance to redress this old grievance.

The 'Year in Retrospect' series did not suggest that the opportunity has as yet been realised. It reproduced

'Ninety Degrees South' was moving too, the original film record of Scott's last journey to the Antarctic, with a commentary spoken by the late Herbert Ponting, the photographer who made it. This film is one of the nation's belongings. Television did well to give the new generations this chance of seeing it.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

'How' and How Welcome

NOT EVERYONE LIKES the 'How' programmes. Just as no B.B.C. programme is too bad to have devoted admirers, so the better and brighter and the original things (of which, sadly, there are so few) have their special enemies. Perhaps some people resent the idea that they are being got at, flicked on the raw of those perpetual sores, accents and 'likes'. And there is sure to be a small stratum which understands well enough to feel disturbed yet not well enough to see the joke. I once met a man who assured me that he couldn't stand Joyce Grenfell because 'she was so refeened'; it was all too clear from the context, of course, that he had been listening to this flawless mimic in one of her crueller essays in 'the reely nace'. However, life evidently had a grudge against him for he was married to a severely logical lady who insisted that the jokes in the *New Yorker* were not 'jokes' at all but illustrations to the text: a clearer case of missing the point has never, I think, come my way. *Gegen Dummheit*, as Goethe observed, even the immortals are impotent.

Not that I am claiming for the 'How' programmes any immortality. I am merely grateful for having been made to laugh and—why deny it?—given a lump in the throat on behalf of a schoolgirl getting a thrill out of her first Shakespeare. The previous 'How' programme I was nasty enough to call limited and class-bound. At least one had a feeling that the subject—going abroad—had richer possibilities. In the case of the theatre the scope was better focused. One or two episodes seemed unnecessary; a leading lady fearing she would be late, for instance, let in a draught of doubt. But generally it went swimmingly. A big target for satire, our theatre today. But only those who go to the theatre as frequently as a dramatic critic can have any idea how easily such a target may be missed (see all the revues which try, and fail, to be funny about theatrical types and torments). It is no easy thing to catch exactly the shade of dismay which crosses the heart when you realise that the much talked of poetic play is, after all, donchertknow?, complete nonsense. Or that bewildering American play. Or the play of portentous and sudden revelations which one fails to appreciate at the level the dramatist clearly intends. The whisperers, the rustlers, and those who bring really advanced bronchitis with them and a small snapper box of cough sweets individually wrapped.

We get too little B.B.C. satire on this 'How' level, the middle plane. 'Itma', recalled the other night in a tribute which made most curious listening, left a legacy of fast, free satire without much purpose; and some of this finds its way into 'Take It from Here' or 'Ray's a Laugh'. But generally there is not quite enough on that level either. I have yet to hear the *Variety* Department really make fun of itself (as distinct from exchanging self-conscious house jokes). Nor is anyone satirical about dance bands or cinema organists or 'Can I Help You?' programmes: high time they were.

On a superior level, satire which is up to the mark and the moment is also lacking. Such as we get is satire about something which we don't know about—quite. However, 'Lucky Peter's

Travels', though often conducted through regions closed to the non-Strindbergian imagination, were rewarding to follow; would many more of these episodes seem like enjoyable satire if one really knew the terms of reference? I own to having been much irritated, but felt on balance rewarded. Peter Watts' production and the playing of Derek Hart were admirable. Two other performances one would like to hear again were Robert Farquharson in the Quint'eros' dear little play, 'A Hundred Years Old' and Dame Edith in that Elizabeth play which began life on the Light Programme the year before last.

I should be sorry to miss this chance of saying how delighted I was (in company with millions of other listeners) to see Gladys Young's name in the New Year's Honours List.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Airy Tongues

IN PAST CHRISTMAS WEEKS I have generally been faced by a serious shortage of the spoken word which I would have welcomed as a private listener, but which, as critic with nothing to criticise, I cursed. This year things were otherwise. I can't speak for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, because I make a rule then to keep my set relentlessly gagged; but when I unmuzzled it talk flowed free for the rest of the week, beginning with an artfully turned reminiscence of 'Going to the Pantomime' by Compton Mackenzie which exactly recalled my own earliest experiences of the theatre because his pantomime days were contemporaneous with mine. It is a pleasure to observe the skill with which Mr. Mackenzie manages, as organists say, his registration—a touch of the swell pedal here, a bar or two there of the wistful Vox Humana (the Nux Vomica stop, as a modern Mrs. Malaprop not unjustly styled it) and by way of contrast an electrifying dash of Cockney, that oboe among dialects. It is all beautifully done.

Julian Duguid followed next day with a short but shocking recollection of 'One or Two Meals' which at once decided me to steer clear, when next I plan a gastronomic holiday, of the Chaco of South America. Delivered before Christmas it would infallibly have checked any inclination towards over-indulgence. Mr. Duguid gives the impression of an admirable talker talking at ease. He produces his effects, I would guess, by the light of nature, not by premeditation. But the most impressive talk of the week, indeed as good a talk as ever I heard on the air, came next afternoon from Hilary St. George Saunders who has recently retired from the post of Librarian of the House of Commons. In 'Mr. Librarian' he spoke not only of the Library itself and a few of its rare possessions, but—naming no names—of certain of the characters who frequent it and, besides, of some of the 'historical occasions' in the House at which he was present. Experience has taught us that such themes have formidable potentialities of dullness, but Mr. Saunders' gifts as a writer and a speaker turned them into an absolutely first-rate talk.

On the same evening, under the title 'The Turn of the Half-Century', we had a recording of a conversation between Lord Russell and Lord Samuel, with Harold Nicolson in the chair, given originally last April on the Overseas Service. Here, needless to say, there was superlatively good talk which I take to have been spontaneous within the limits of an arranged scheme through which it was Mr. Nicolson's business to shepherd the two talkers—the type of scheme, in fact, which I suggested for a future 'Poetic Licence' programme. In the present case it perfectly answered the purpose, but however the broadcast had been planned it could hardly have

failed to be richly worth listening to when the participants were two of the best living conversationalists and, into the bargain, men of great experience, great humanity and great learning. As talkers they were well contrasted, Lord Samuel quiet and deliberate, Lord Russell alert, incisive, explosive, and each equally certain of his views and equally able to express them with absolute clearness.

For the rest I sampled chat and back-chat called forth by 'Twenty Questions', 'Any Questions?' and 'The Tables Turned', a programme in which five well-known quiz-masters proved themselves much more adept at posing posers than in disposing of them. It was a lively entertainment. So were the others, but, in the match between the resident and visiting team in 'Twenty Questions', listening was rather too severely disturbed by the recurrent rumpus when the teams changed places at the microphone.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Alpha plus and Alpha minus

THE THINGS THEY DO for the first time! Last week 'firsts' were claimed for a Sonata by *Gradus ad Parnassum* Fux, a Suite by Telemann, one of the Brandenburg Concertos and a Symphony by Mahler. There were subtle distinctions. Fux was accorded a full first (alpha plus), though it is not clear how Mr. Karl Haas or anyone else can be sure that Fux and two or more fiddlers did not in his own time play this Sonata 'for violin chorus' which might suitably have appeared among the 'Curiosities of Music'. Telemann's Suite, in one movement of which it was interesting to descry a distinct resemblance to the theme of one of Mozart's early Minuets in the same key (K.131, the one with four horns), was merely given a 'first broadcast performance', and was followed by a 'first broadcast performance with the original orchestration' of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G (No. 4).

The originality here consisted of playing the parts for Blockflöte, or 'flauto d'eco' as Bach described them, on recorders and reducing the string *ripieno* to a solo quartet and double bass, with a harpsichord, of course, as continuo. The result was all lightness and elegance, such as one would expect of music that reflects the social graces of a courtly age, and far removed from the old plodding Promenade style of Bach-performance with two score or more string-players. But I wonder whether there is not a golden mean, say three or four string-players to a part with one bass, which should (strictly speaking) be the old six-stringed *violone*. Such an orchestra would produce a fuller body of tone and a better contrast with the *concertino*. I know of no evidence, and can find none in Terry, to suggest that Bach designed his Brandenburg Concertos for one instrument to a part, and indeed the fact that in some he used two or more violoncellos in the continuo is against such a theory, not to mention the absurdity of performing the one for strings alone in this manner. The point is a small one, but, since we are being so particular about original orchestration, it is as well to get it quite right.

For Mahler's Sixth Symphony it was claimed that this was 'the first performance in England'—a nice distinction, for a performance recorded (in Germany, I think) was included in the complete cycle of Mahler's symphonies broadcast early in the Third Programme's career. Buoyed up by the hope aroused by Dr. Carner's persuasive advocacy, I listened to the Symphony, searching to find the greater command of a mature mind over the material of music. But it seemed to me to differ only from the naive

No. 3, which we heard a week or two back, in being more turgid, breaking down, like the poor old dinosaur, under the excess of its own load. That the performance of this enormous and lengthy score was not perfect in finish—there was many a ragged entry and hardly enough conviction behind the playing—was only to be expected in an imperfect world. Apart from anything else, was it practical to write works that will always require a dozen or more rehearsals by a huge and expensive orchestra?

As I have mentioned curiosities, let me say how

much I enjoyed hearing for the first time—why shouldn't the listener too claim a 'first'?—that 'old drumbledore', the serpent, introduced into his Christmas programme by Hubert Foss. It was wonderful to hear what a 'good old note' could issue from its sinuous wooden frame. Even more interesting was to hear the cor anglais solo in 'Tristan' played on an instrument whose rough, reedy tone was more in accord with the character of the shepherd's ditty than the refined modern instrument. Mr. Foss told us that the instrument he displayed—a momentary interrup-

tion prevented my hearing what particular form of early oboe it was—had been used at Covent Garden some years ago. I hope its pungent tone will be heard there again next time the curtain rises on the scene in Kareol.

At the moment of writing we are in mid-'Ring', for which, I suppose, it might be claimed that it is the first broadcast of a complete recording made in Milan. But criticism must wait until *Walhall* and its gods have been consumed.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Karl Loewe and the Ballad

By JOHN HORTON

THE strength of the ballad-maker does not lie solely in his power to touch the common heart of humanity, though that is one of the chief among his resources. As Joseph Addison observed in his classic essay on 'Chevy Chase', 'Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions'. But, in addition to universality of appeal, there must be the gift of detachment; in moving his audience, the ballad-maker must himself remain impassive, almost impersonal. The emotions he stirs up in others he must not share too strongly, lest he lose control of the hard, compressed material he works in—the grim exactness and circumscription of ballad diction and form. No mere human pity must weaken the remorseless march of his narrative; no mere human terror must allow him to temper what has to be told:

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

In his ability to detach himself, to animate his subject while remaining uncontrolled by it, Karl Loewe displayed spiritual kinship with the anonymous balladists. He is in this matter complementary to Schubert who transmutes everything in the crucible of his own poetical and musical imagination, identifying himself with the human or heroic figures of his greatest songs. Schubert's experiments in the ballad, precocious extensions of Zumsteeg's techniques, belong to his earliest years as a composer. His 'Erlkönig' is a portent: at once a triumphant resolution of a brilliant pupil's strivings and an assertion of the arrival of a new master of the dramatic lyric, for whom a dramatic situation is henceforward but the point of departure for an act of pure creativeness. Loewe, on the other hand, achieving his own 'Erlkönig' a few years later, was to continue in the same straight line of objective dramatisation for forty years after Schubert's death.

It has often been pointed out that the artistic unity of the Schubert 'Erlkönig' requires a corresponding integrity of performance that abjures any attempt on the singer's part to characterise the three persons in the drama. Loewe told Goethe that he counted 'Erlkönig' the greatest of all German romantic ballads, in that it exhibited the traditional ballad practice of introducing the characters directly through what they say. In his setting Loewe enhances this powerfully primitive device; like Schubert,

he throws the Erlking into fantastic relief by a modulation to the major, but whereas Schubert sweeps these sections along in the harmonic and rhythmic flood Loewe deliberately makes them static, neutralising both vocal line and keyboard support to a single major triad. It is the opening of 'Das Rheingold' in embryo.

The setting of Herder's version of the Scots ballad 'Edward', published with 'Erlkönig' in Loewe's Op. 1, allows us to realise more completely the extent of his originality and the magnitude of his talent. Among the qualities that call for admiration are a freedom of declamation, a boldness of harmony, a rhythmic ingenuity, and a skill in the organic working out of the piano part which preserves a basically strophic plan but at the same time creates something approaching symphonic texture. Although Loewe never surpassed this early splendour he returned in later life to the Scots ballad, in Fontane's adaptations, and set 'Archibald Douglas' and 'Thomas the Rhymer'. The text of the latter evoked nothing stronger than a delicate fancy, with a play of silver bells in the accompaniment. 'Archibald Douglas' is planned on a scale so ambitious as to stretch the possibilities of the dramatic song to their limit. There is a brave effort to unify an intricate sectional scheme by an economical use of melodic material, but the total effect, as distinct from the impressiveness of a number of the episodes, is somewhat laborious and overlaid with romantic sentiment.

It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more thorough-going romantic than Loewe, with his rich literary background, his disposition to experiment, and his ingenuous delight in the picturesque. His Moorish ballads, composed to texts of Freiligrath in 1844, are steeped in oriental colouring that even now has not entirely lost its freshness. The piano parts of these settings have quite an astonishing freedom, unique perhaps for the period. Not less audacious are the demands made upon the singer, and the treatment of ensemble is often prophetic of Hugo Wolf. Another aspect of Loewe's romanticism appears in his experiments in the archaic and in the vein of folk-song. 'Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter', also to a text by Freiligrath, affects a 'bardic' style, using quintuple time throughout and a voice-part ranging in angular fashion over an outlandish scale. National legend always made a strong appeal to Loewe; he drew much upon Scandinavian material, and set Lithuanian and Ukrainian ballads collected and versified by Mickiewicz. But his most fervent nationalist sympathies were for Prussia, in whose boundaries he had been born, and whose rise to the hegemony of the German nation he was to celebrate throughout his life. He has been called the Singer of the

Hohenzollerns, and in the series of Hohenzollern Ballads he brings the ballad into direct touch with contemporary political feeling, besides exalting the reigning house with a vigour that entitles him to be considered the last of the royal bards.

In this, again, Loewe appears as the antithesis of Schubert, who was anything but a public character. If we are to find a parallel to Loewe among his contemporaries we must look to Weber, whose temperament and interests in many ways resembled those of Loewe. Besides contributing to the *volkstümlich* and patriotic heritage of the German people, both men were at their best when working under the stimuli of the dramatic and the picturesque, both were interested in exotic colouring, both were considerable executants who advanced the technical frontiers of their art, and both had a touch of the quaint humour that forms an element in German romantic literature. Loewe's settings of Goethe's 'Hochzeitslied' and of a number of fanciful poems by Rückert illustrate this side of his nature. How deeply Wagner was indebted to Loewe, as to Weber, is too large a question to discuss here; but it is obvious that Wagner must have learnt many a lesson from Loewe's exercises in carrying on a dramatic monologue over a big time-scale, and from his treatment of the German language in declamation. Even in a comparatively early song like 'Der grosse Kurfürst und die Spreejungfrau' one feels that an instrument of heroic declamation is here ready-fashioned to Wagner's hand, and that from this point to the *Sprechgesang* of 'Der Ring' is only a step to be taken by the intent of genius.

Whether *The Old Vic Season, 1949-50* 'deserves a whole book to itself the public will decide. Certainly Mr. Lionel Hale's volume of that name (Evans, 7s. 6d.) is not large and the price, considering the number and excellence of the photographs, most reasonable. 'Into the night go one and all' is the players' traditional fate: nowadays, of course, there is the camera to give a kind of static immortality, but very little first-rate portrait painting of actors. It is in writing that the full impact, the vitality and the rhythm, of a stage-performance is best preserved for posterity. Newspaper criticism remains, of necessity, wretchedly brief; in book-form a proper assessment can be, and in this case has been, made. The 'Old Vic' productions of last winter contained two Shakespeares, a Molière adaptation, and a Goldsmith; of this nice assortment Mr. Hale writes. The fifth venture, Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country', he missed because the production failed to please and vanished very quickly. Philip Hope-Wallace tackles it, disputing the general judgment upon Michel St. Denis' handling of it. But this is not a souvenir volume of the complimentary kind: Mr. Hale, though he valued the season highly—otherwise why the book?—is keenly critical and frequently quotes the views, appreciative or otherwise, of other critics.

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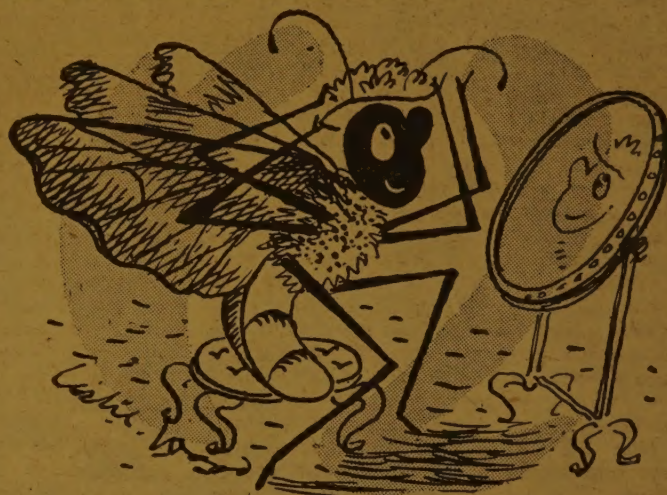
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Advice for the Housewife

DEALING WITH WOODWORM

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN what we call 'woodworm' is the furniture beetle. It is the grub that causes the trouble. The female lays about twenty eggs in a crack or crevice or joint in the wood, where they are not likely to be disturbed. The eggs hatch out in about a month and little white grubs emerge. They dive head first into the wood, eating as they go. The wood that they eat in the process is excreted in the form of minute cigar-shaped pellets, and it is this stuff, in the form of dust, which is often the first sign you have that your furniture is being attacked.

Once well inside the wood, the grub carries on, boring away for up to two years. After this, usually in the spring, it bores its way near to the surface and digs out quite a bigish hole for itself, and in that hole it changes from a grub into a chrysalis. It no longer eats, but over a period of a fortnight or so it gradually turns into a beetle. Once this has happened it bites through the remaining thin shell of wood to the surface and emerges a small brown beetle.

You can only get at the grubs inside the wood through these exit holes. What you need is a liquid which will kill the grubs on contact, render the wood uneatable, and penetrate quickly and easily. You can use creosote, but that has such a penetrating smell. There are two or three proprietary liquids specially made for the job, and I would use one of these: what little smell they have is not unpleasant and soon disappears.

On a horizontal surface you can take a brushful and simply flood the holes. In more awkward places you have to use some sort of a squirter and a lot of patience; an old-fashioned fountain pen filler will do, so will one of those little oilcans that are usually supplied with sewing machines. Also you can get a special injector for the job. Treat all the holes you can see—

though if you do miss one or two it doesn't matter; the tunnels are to a large extent interconnected. Once you have treated a piece of furniture, keep an eye on it, and if you see any more dust from insect boring, or if any more holes appear, give it another doing.

Furniture that is absolutely riddled with holes is best destroyed, to prevent other pieces becoming affected. In a room where other furniture has been attacked it is a good plan to brush over the under-sides of table-tops and drawers, and to get the liquid into every crevice. New furniture is not immune; it is worth while spending a shilling or two, and an hour or so, in treating it. The pests attack not only furniture, but any woodwork of the house. They are quite happy in floor boards and panelling and joists; and in these places the treatment is by brushing the liquids on to the surface.

W. P. MATTHEW

NORWEGIAN FISH RISSELE

This recipe can be used for most types of fish. Usually cod, haddock or mackerel is used. You need, for 6 persons:

about 2 lb. of fish
3-4 oz. of flour
1 teacup of milk
salt and pepper

The Norwegians add an egg.

Wash the raw fish, and remove the skin and bones; then scrape it with a sharp knife into fine shreds. Or you can chop or mince it if you prefer. Put the shredded fish into a bowl and divide it into 4 equal portions. Lift out one portion and fill the space it leaves with plain flour. Put the portion of fish back in the bowl and mix well. This is a way of accurately measuring the right proportion of flour to fish and is a way of measuring used often by Scan-

dinavian housewives. After mixing the fish and flour add sufficient milk, and egg if you spare it, to make a stiff dropping mixture. Season well with salt and pepper and thoroughly beat the mixture to make it as smooth as possible.

Now the mixture is ready for cooking. Drop it from a spoon into the hot fat so that it forms small balls, each the size of an egg. I noticed that the Scandinavians keep the rissoles in good shapes by first dipping the spoon into hot fat and then using it as a scoop, with a quick twist of the wrist they turn a beautifully moulded fish ball into the hot fat. The fish balls must be turned during the frying and cooked until when pressed they spring back to their shape. This will take about 8 minutes.

DOREEN DAVIES

Some of Our Contributors

H. S. DEIGHTON (page 5): Dean of Pembroke College, Oxford; formerly Professor of Modern History at Cairo University

ELLIS WATERHOUSE, M.B.E. (page 11): Director of the National Galleries of Scotland since 1949; Reader in the History of Art at Manchester University, 1947-48; author of *Roman Baroque Painting*, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, etc.

C. A. COULSON, F.R.S. (page 13): Professor of Theoretical Physics at King's College, London University, since 1947

LORD ELTON (page 17): Secretary of the Rhodes Trust since 1939; Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, 1919-39; member of the Archbishops' Commission on Evangelism, 1944; author of *Such is the Kingdom*, etc.

J. M. BROWN (page 18): Reader in Political Science at King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Crossword No. 1,079.

Compendious.

By Stephanus

Solution of No. 1,077

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 11

In the terms of this puzzle, the unchecked letters and symbols are equivalent to **PILL PHOBIA WAS BAD FOR RNVK MIX JAM STEPH**. In the following narrative, the numbers in brackets indicate the number of words in the answer. With some ingenuity the answers can be fitted into the diagram—one letter or one symbol to each square, e.g., **AFFLATUS** would be entered as **AFbUS**.

The Toff, 44-24 (2), evergreen ex-Army knight, and his lady [handsome as Marie 27 (1) on the films] fell to the ground from 30A (2) at Paddington. Though 22D (1) 3 (1), there was 35A (1) on her coat and his 10 (1). A small boy laughed and the Toff began a 14A-21 rev (1):—'19 (1)

of an 8 (1)! Specimen of the 7A (1) population! 2 (1) be 41 (1) to wish a 36 (2) early chance of your acquaintance, but you recall—eh, dear?—that 17D (1) caddie 15 (2) at Cannes who made 5A (1) an over-40 (1) 47 (1) and, when we ordered one of 18 (2), merely spat cheekily upon it. Like his—the lad weeps—'Your credit with us is 38 (1). Go at once or 20 (1)! 37 (2)! 12 (3) or 1A (2) a moderate pace towards your 39 (1)! And henceforth emulate the 35D (1)—or you'll be a 17A (1), sub-ovine oaf! My 45 (1)'s cane—he 29A (1) it at him—'Can make a 43A (2) rarely!' He 29A (1), and 29A (1) the boy one with it, and his weeping 13 (2) faster as he flees.

Turning, the Toff next 16A (2) match-seller, who cried 'My lord! O 26 (1) Caesar! I live with my improvident old dad: today 28 (3) much as we had on 48 (2)—he plays one—and it was last. We are destitute. Certes I 6 (1) lower in your regard than an 11A (1) to a 50 (1); 42 (1) since I sympathise with you—'tis not 11D (3) 25 (1)—do you with me, and buy a box. A penny apiece, and reductions for buying by 7D (1), or 29D (1) purchases'.

'So Quid pro Quo's your 23 (2)! 'Tis no 5D (2)! I have 46 (2), but not a d— 16D (1), in any case, is 32 (5), they say. But I must go. The 33 (2) awaits me. Here's a fiver for Beer, if you like 30D (2). Or prefer you 34 (2) Cocktail Party?'

'I like it, but I wouldn't call 49 (5)—but I must thank you deeply. I am 22A (2) so, but I must hail you as 1D (5)! O that 31 (1) had been alive to paint you! Bless you, sir!'

'9 (1)' said the Toff, prickly knight, and passed into the 4 (1).

Prizewinners:
R. P. Bolton
(Prenton); R. Hain
Taylor (Farn-
borough); P.
Tierney (South-
sea); Lt.-Col. H.
W. Turl (London,
N.12); D. J. Wade
(London, E.11)

8	1	1	2	4	6	2	9	8
9	4	1	3	6	7	2	7	2
0	4	4	7	7	6	9	0	
7	8	2	3	1	2	1	4	7
3	5	6	3	7	9	5	4	2
5	3	2	6	6	7	1	2	5
3	3	4	4	2	2	8	9	8
2	0	1	9	7	0	3	7	0

NOTES

In the original puzzle, construct Δ PAB equal in all respects to Δ OCB and external to the square ABCD. Join PO. Then Δ PBO is right-angled and isosceles, so that $\angle POB = 45^\circ$. Also $\angle POA = 90^\circ$, so that $\angle AOB = 135^\circ$.

In the general problem, $\angle AOB = 135^\circ$ if $\gamma^2 - 2\beta^2 = \alpha^2$. Solutions of this equation are given by $\alpha = 2m^2 - n^2$, $\beta = 2mn$, $\gamma = 2m^2 + n^2$, where m and n are integers, and this provides just the necessary 11 solutions where α is a 2-digit number. If (α, β, γ) is a solution, then further pairs are $(\alpha, 2\gamma \pm 3\beta, 3\gamma \pm 4\beta)$ and this formula enables a series of values for (β, γ) to be calculated for each value of α . It is not necessary to go further than 4-digit values of γ . Neglect also solutions not satisfying $\alpha < \beta < \gamma$.

A convenient beginning is the 'escalator-like' central portion of α -values, which can begin only with $G = 47$. Then from clue XI, h can only be 1426, whence $s = 97$, $X = 2019$, $P = 79$, $m = 17$, $k = 73$, $T = 71$, $L = 31$, $D = 41$ and so on.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13											
21											
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					
32											
43											
48											

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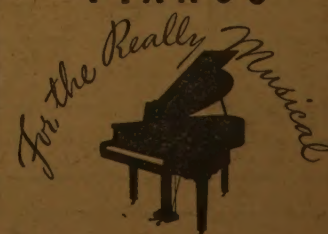
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